

## WHY LANSDOWNE IS RIGHT

## The Nation

Vol. XXII., No. 10.]  
Registered as a Newspaper.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1917.

[PRICE 6d.  
Postage: U.K. 1d.; Abroad 2d.]

## CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
EVENTS OF THE WEEK ...	317	REVIEWS:—	
POLITICS AND AFFAIRS:—		Life and Letters of Stopford	
Why Lord Lansdowne is		Brooke. By The Rt. Hon.	
Right ...	320	Augustine Birrell ...	336
The Embryonic Victory ...	321	Poetry and its Problems ...	338
The New Freedom of the		Motherhood and Marriage..	340
Seas ...	322	THE WEEK IN THE CITY. By	
A Ride to Ruin ...	323	Lucellum ...	342
A LONDON DIARY. By A		SUPPLEMENT:—	
Wayfarer ...	324	Fairy Laughter ...	347
LIFE AND LETTERS:—		The Boys' Story ...	348
By an Unknown Disciple ...	325	White Lies ...	350
Of Cant ...	327	The Circle ...	352
How it Strikes our Con-		The Odd Shelf ...	354
temporaries ...	328	The Suburbs of Parnassus..	356
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:—		The Essay ...	358
Communications on Lord		Six Novelists ...	360
Lansdowne's Letter. From		A Pleasure Cruise ...	362
Peers and Members of		The Writer's Craft ...	364
Parliament ...	329	A Bristol Packet ...	364
A Lesson from Rehoboth.		The Wiltshire That Was ...	366
By Gertrude Bayley ...	332	Recollections of Seventy-	
Pontificate of Plus IX. By		two Years ...	366
Francis Wellesley ...	332	Thomas Woolner, R.A. ...	366
THE WORLD OF BOOKS. By		The Life and Letters of	
H. M. T. ...	334	Admiral Sir Charles	
		Napier ...	366

[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

## Events of the Week.

MR. WILSON'S speech to Congress follows hard on Lord Lansdowne's letter, and the two utterances, so like, yet so unlike, call for a critical comparison. The differences lie largely in the divers situations of the two men. Lord Lansdowne is out of office, and he spoke in its fourth year of war to a nation which has lost many illusions. Mr. Wilson is the head of the Executive on whose will depends the whole American conduct of the war, and he is addressing a fresh and inexperienced nation, whose advance guard has only just reached the Front. Where Lord Lansdowne was content in a sentence or two to insist (no more is needed from him or to us) that the military efforts must not be relaxed, and that our essential purpose of security must be achieved, Mr. Wilson sounded a clarion call again and again. That is his function and his office. The second strand in Mr. Wilson's speech, the demand for a clear and moderate statement of war-aims, crosses the first motive perpetually, and here he repeated as firmly and as clearly what Lord Lansdowne had said. In their conception of the peace at which we aim, the two are at one, and use closely similar language. Lord Lansdowne's points, that we do not menace the existence or position of Germany as a Great Power, nor threaten her commercial development, nor seek to exclude her from the freedom of the seas, nor dictate to her her form of government, all reappear in the President's speech. The difference—and it may reveal some real divergence in thinking—lay in the President's insistence on an internal change in Germany as the condition of her inclusion after the war in a League of Nations, and in its commercial privileges.

THE trumpet notes ring sharp and clear, "Our object is to win the war. We are seeking to make con-

quest of peace by arms." There must be no "premature peace" until "autocracy has been taught its final and convincing lesson." While Lord Lansdowne reminded us that Bethmann-Hollweg accepted the League of Nations, and referred to Count Czernin's admirable speech, Mr. Wilson will as yet see nothing but "the ugly face . . . without conscience or honor or capacity for covenanted peace." The intrigues and outrages which Herr Zimmermann directed with the mentality of a disreputable secret service agent, have bitten deep into the President's memory. But what does he mean by "winning the war?" Some Englishmen mean that we must achieve a dramatic military success of the Waterloo type, which runs inevitably in our memory, and then show our generosity; crush the foe, and lift him up. In one passage Mr. Wilson said something very like this. When "autocracy" has been shown "the futility of its claim to power," we are to do "an unprecedented thing": we shall "base peace on generosity and justice." But he gave an alternative definition:—

"We shall regard the war as won when the German people say to us through properly accredited representatives that they are ready to agree to a settlement based upon justice and reparation of the wrongs their rulers have done."

That they might say at any moment well before such a dramatic defeat arrived. The Reichstag's resolution in favor of "a peace of reconciliation" went some way towards saying it. The text for Mr. Wilson clearly will be not the distance of our forces from Berlin, but the advance of the German people themselves towards a peace based on justice.

MR. WILSON'S definition of his peace of "justice and reparation" is by far the most moderate that we have had from any Allied statesman. He urged only two points: (1) the deliverance of Belgium and Northern France, and (2) the liberation of Germany's present allies from "Prussian Military and commercial autocracy." There is nothing about Alsace, and the various claims against Austria are brushed aside in the definite phrase: "We do not wish in any way to impair or to rearrange the Austro-Hungarian Empire." The second point links up with what Mr. Wilson lately said about the Baghdad Railway, and means, in two words, "No Mitteleuropa." That is in itself a moderate war-aim. Dr. Naumann lamented the other day that the German Government had never endorsed his plans, and Bethmann-Hollweg once suggested that all alliances should end at the peace. None the less, with Russia knocked-out, German designs turn more than ever from the West—where she will probably give way—to the inclusion of a semi-independent Courland, Lithuania, and Poland in their political and economic system. This second American war-aim may not be easy to achieve, but by implication it turns all the secret treaties into scraps of paper.

It is evident from a further paragraph, the most significant of the whole speech, that Mr. Wilson is far from contemplating an indefinite military war. He implies that he might make peace—a sort of peace—with the present rulers of Germany. But if these "ambitious and intriguing masters" remain in power, we might (1) refuse to admit Germany to a League of Nations, and (2) refuse to admit her to "free economic intercourse." We have often ourselves urged the use of this economic strategy. We would offer Germany a

"peace of justice," with economic peace in one hand and economic war in the other, and let her choose. But to make the test depend on our appraisal of the character of her rulers seems to us perilous tactics, hardly distinguishable from the interference in her internal affairs which Mr. Wilson repudiates. Can we do this, who were yesterday the Allies of Tzardom? The test, it seems to us, is rather whether Germany will abandon militarism by accepting disarmament and arbitration. The speech concluded with a renewed plea for the definition of war-aims, and a clear, sharp reminder that Russia was lost because we refused to re-assure her as to our purposes. It is quite clear that America has no more sympathy than Russia with the schemes of dismemberment and annexation which the secret treaties have revealed. That is for this country the practical moral from the speech.

THE foreign criticism on Lord Lansdowne's famous letter has been so manipulated that it is impossible to judge its scope. For example, the idea that American opinion can be judged by an extract from the "New York Herald" or "Tribune," is merely a measure of the assumption of those who choose such a method, and the ignorance of those who credit it. At home, and setting aside the vulgarly abusive language of the Northcliffe Press, a distinct preponderance of sober journalism either approves the letter, or criticizes it in a fashion which reveals or conceals a substantial agreement. The Government's tactics have been deplorable. Mr. Bonar Law started them with a panic-stricken speech—Mr. Law is always in a panic about something or other—in which he spoke of the letter as "a national misfortune," declared that Germany would never be bound by a Treaty, and threatened a General Election if there were signs of a pro-Lansdowne movement. Such argument is for children, not for grown men. If Germany is hard to bind by a Treaty, the force behind it should be the strongest possible, both moral and material; which is precisely what Lord Lansdowne proposes. And if the country is with him, the Government should either go or carry out his policy. The Liberal Front Bench met on Monday, and having considered, and even adopted, the plan of an affirming communication to the Press, decided, as usual, to do nothing. But we are certain that the meeting gave a unanimous support to the general tenor of the letter. Meanwhile, Baron von Kühlmann, in an important speech, has offered to disclose the German terms, and in an answer to a question of Mr. Mason's, Mr. Law promises that if or when they come, they will be considered.

THE Battle of Cambrai has now developed into one of the decisive struggles of the war. It was inevitable that this should be the case. General Byng's victory had secured positions which, if held, involve the fate not only of Cambrai, but of Douai, Lille; and, indeed, the whole of the German line in France and Belgium. The Drocourt-Queant switch-line, built with such patience and skill, was turned, and the use of Cambrai, the most important centre of communications between the sea and Soissons, was forbidden by the guns trained at short range and directed with almost perfect observation. The Hindenburg line was breached, and open warfare, with its greater perils and wider chances, returned. The German Staff rapidly decided to make the issue a capital one, and on Friday of last week the enemy attacked with a force and fury that has not been experienced by us certainly for thirty months, and probably for three years. There had been some heavy shelling of the front between Mœuvres and Masnières the night before. But Friday dawned in calm, and no one expected attack. It was apparently about 7 o'clock that there was a short bombardment on the southern flank of the salient the British gains made in the Hindenburg line, and then immediately great bodies of German troops advanced with machine-guns between Crèvecourt and Vendhuile, and rushed the weak forces opposed to them. The British were holding the line thinly, and it was merely a series of improvised positions.

AFTER a short and fierce struggle the masses of the enemy wore down the resistance, and early in the morning had penetrated to Gouzeaucourt, where tired men were just rising. So complete was the surprise that one officer was in his bath, and escaped in a covering of towels. Batteries first heard that the Germans were through the line when they were ordered to fire point blank at the dense grey crowd of men 300 yards away. A few shells cut down numbers of the assailants before the gunners were either surrounded or escaped. Railwaymen and men of labor units were at once in the thick of a desperate struggle. The position was almost as grave as it could be. The troops reformed were fighting stiff rearguard actions; but do what they would, the enemy came on. British soldiers exact a price for advances in such conditions; but though their persistent volleys were seen to mow down the assailants, the pressure persisted. North of Gouzeaucourt the thrust had reached La Vacquerie. Its direction was like that of the lower arm of a pair of pincers, and a number of men and guns were cut off by the swift movement. The whole of the hinterland of the salient was violently agitated as men and guns were drawn back here and pushed forward there.

THE upper arm of the pincers was driven through the northern flank of the salient. The operation against Mœuvres and Bournon Wood, which later extended to Masnières, began two hours after the southern thrust. The plan was to push through the right flank of the salient so far that in the resulting disorganization the northern blow would stand better chances of success. It was, of course, a much more difficult undertaking, and since it was almost impossible to surprise the defenders of the sector, a heavy bombardment preceded the attack. Gas shells and high explosive shells were rained on the positions. Under the first shock the troops gave ground at Mœuvres, and the Germans penetrated to the Bapaume-Cambrai road behind Bournon Wood. But they then met with the well-directed fire of our artillery and the enfilade fire from the wood, and were flung back almost as far as their starting point. The attack here failed completely. The positions were held almost in their entirety, and the Germans suffered most terrible losses in their attempts to break through. The British were well supplied with machine-guns, and if only one bullet in five went home the casualties must have exceeded any experienced on the Western Front. Empty belts formed imposing heaps behind the machine-gun corps, and nothing could pass such a fire.

YET the position was serious enough before the counter-attacks began. The Guards, supported by dismounted cavalry, and accompanied by tanks, advanced in the early afternoon, re-took Gouzeaucourt after a severe struggle, and left only a thin fringe of ground in German hands. On Saturday the enemy renewed his attacks, and the struggle again reached the most desperate level. Nine separate attacks were delivered about Masnières, and the village, which had now become a salient, was evacuated during the night. At La Vacquerie and Bournon enemy attacks were shattered with heavy loss. On Sunday the offensive was resumed with the greatest fury, and achieved some success on the southern face of the salient between Marcoing and Gonnellieu. A little to the south of Marcoing the Germans succeeded in breaking through; but they were pressed back by an immediate counter-attack. On Tuesday the fighting had died down. The Germans had not recovered the lost ground; but they had secured Masnières with the important canal crossings, Bonavis with the important road focus, the high ground of La Vacquerie, and possibly part of Gonnellieu; and they had made the position of Bournon Wood so perilous to hold that on Tuesday night it was evacuated, and a new line was taken up towards the south-west. They have taken a number of prisoners, and largely written off our great capture of matériel.

THE battle is only in its second phase. The Germans have secured an important success; but they



have not made Cambrai secure. It is not necessarily out of use; but it is so carefully ranged by our guns that the position is still intolerable to the enemy. The Germans were able to bring up fifteen fresh divisions for the counter-attack. Five were last reported in Flanders; at least one came from the Laon area; some were called from the general reserve, where troops from Russia had lately been resting. They were assembled with much skill, and they fought with the greatest bravery. Our losses must have been heavy in this fierce battle; but they are not comparable with those of the Germans. Many of our troops have grown weary with mere killing. When dense masses advance against machine guns, there can only be one result. But the Germans cannot allow us to remain where we are. They hoped to regain all the lost ground, when the losses would have been ignored in the boasts of victory. Our own troops have fought with the greatest heroism in a position of great difficulty. We can trust them to oppose a firm resistance to all attacks, and to be ready to advance when the time comes. But we must be prepared for a still greater German effort.

THE Inter-Allied Staff at Versailles has lost its most eminent member, and, if we read the signs correctly, those who wished for unity of executive control have been defeated. While General Foch remained on the body there was a chance that an actual unity of command might be evolved; but with General Foch at Paris and Sir William Robertson in London, and only General Wilson and the recently-promoted divisional General Weygand at Versailles, there can be no question of the Inter-Allied Staff being anything but a subordinate body. At a stroke all its prestige has gone, and Foch carries with him to Paris a restoration of Sir William Robertson to the position which is his due. M. Clemenceau has killed the new creation of Mr. Lloyd George. We do not know who represents Italy on the Staff, and we know that the representatives of Great Britain and France are not known. We think it a pity that a thoroughly reliable council to facilitate an interchange of ideas concerning strategy and the special needs of each front has not been found. But it is difficult to think that a body formed to exercise real powers, and supported as such by at least one of the Allies, can perform any important function when the only member who had any real standing in the military world has been withdrawn to take up his former, and presumably more important, duties.

THE important news from Russia is not so much the manoeuvres of the Bolsheviks to arrange an armistice as the opening of the general election for the Constituent Assembly. The internal confusion is not in the provinces so grave as one might suppose, for nearly everywhere the newly elected Zemstvos (county councils), chosen by universal suffrage, are in control. If the conditions for an election are bad, they are at least better than in 1906, when the first Duma was chosen with martial law in force. Enough results are not yet to hand to allow a forecast. The chief feature of them is the success of the Bolsheviks at one end of the scale, and of the Cadets at the other. Six months ago, neither of these parties seemed strong, and the favorite everywhere was the Moderate Socialist Coalition; Minimalist Social Democrats in the towns, Revolutionary Socialists in the country. The Moderate Socialists are now discredited by Kerensky's failure to move the Allies towards a revision of their war-aims, and the sharpened class-war over the land has brought the extremes to the fore. The Cadets, once advanced Radicals, now seem to include all the non-Socialist voters, and their complexion is much more conservative than it was. The new Assembly will probably show a great confusion of parties, and the balance between Cadets and Bolsheviks may lie with the Moderate Socialists, still strong among the non-Russian races.

WHILE the early meeting of a Constituent Assembly elected under Proportional Representation offers its promise of a stable government for Russia a new danger

emerges. It is possible that the Bolsheviks, if they fail to get a majority, will not submit to the Assembly. They are already arguing that the Soviets, which they can control, are more "democratic." Nothing seems to have come of the compromise announced last week, by which a coalition of Socialist groups was to replace the Bolshevik Government. Lenin and Trotsky are intellectually crude, and talk like demagogues who fear no criticism from the illiterate mob, but they know how to organize and how to act. Alone in Russia they back words by deeds. Everyone laughed at the nomination of Second Lieutenant Krylenko, a middle-aged reserve officer, who had shared Lenin's exile in Switzerland, as Commander-in-Chief. But when General Dukhonin and the Staff defied him, he promptly took train to Mohileff, surrounded the Staff, and captured the Commander almost unopposed. The unhappy Dukhonin was then murdered, though it is fair to add that Krylenko rebuked the outrage. General Korniloff, meanwhile, has escaped from prison, and is riding with his "wild" Caucasian escort to join the Don Cossacks. The tragedy of Russia is that she has thrown up just two men who dare to act—Lenin and Korniloff. The rest seem to be shadows who have strayed from between the covers of a novel by Tchekoff.

THE position in regard to a Russo-German armistice grows clearer. One group of armies, which holds the front from the Pripiet to the Lipa, has already concluded a provisional truce, terminable at forty-eight hours' notice by either side. The negotiations for a more comprehensive and durable armistice have begun at Vilna, the German Headquarters. Representatives of Austria, Bulgaria, and Turkey were present. It was decided to discuss only the conditions of the armistice, leaving peace discussions to the general European Peace Conference. In this way, the Bolsheviks may think that they have escaped the odium of concluding a separate peace, and doubtless they will declare that they are trusting to time to do the revolutionary work elsewhere. It is rumored in Vienna that Roumania has also made overtures for an armistice and a separate peace, but this is denied. Furthermore, the German commanders are said to have met the Russian proposals for a general democratic peace, and their suggestions that no German troops shall be moved to the Western Front under cover of the armistice, with the evasive reply that they are soldiers, not politicians.

FURTHER versions in the "Manchester Guardian" and "Temps" of the "secret treaties" (which in fact are chiefly Notes and Memoranda) add considerably to our knowledge. They suggest that France, in return for the Tsar's consent to her Rhine arrangement, gave him an absolutely free hand with Germany's Eastern frontier. Thus conquest in the West balances conquest in the East, and international control disappears. The partition of Turkey turns out to be what was expected—Constantinople, Armenia, and Kurdistan to Russia, Mesopotamia and the neutral zone of Persia to be under British control; Syria, Adana, and "Lesser Armenia" to be in the French sphere; Adalia and the Twelve Isles (Rhodes, &c.), to go to Italy; Palestine to be under a Franco-British condominium. Lord Robert Cecil says that this was not "annexation," but we should like to know whether or no it gave the concession hunters what they want. The French zone is unexpectedly large. The published Italian arrangement is probably not up to date, for the Italian Press believes that on his visit to Italy this spring Mr. George gave her Smyrna. She also, in addition to her extensions at the expense of Austria, receives the right, if France and Britain make gains in Africa, to expand into the Hinterland of Eritrea—i.e., to acquire Abyssinia. One aspect of our recent dealings with Russia is touched on in a document summarised by the "Temps." From this it appears that in October M. Terestchenko assured our Government that in return for our loans he would give us "commercial compensations," as he had already done to America. The reference may be to the mining concessions in the Urals and Siberia which the Russian Socialists have sharply criticised.

## Politics and Affairs.

### WHY LORD LANSDOWNE IS RIGHT.

TWICE in the recent history of the country its statesmanship—the statesmanship of reason and tradition—has intervened to save it from a great folly and a great evil. Lord Rosebery spoke at Chesterfield, and destroyed the policy of unconditional surrender as applied to the Boer armies of South Africa. Lord Lansdowne's letter to the "Daily Telegraph" has now administered a death-blow to the same policy as applied to the German Empire and people. His message has been grossly misinterpreted, and its effect on the mind and conscience of civilization deliberately obscured. But his word, once spoken, cannot be recalled. It will fly over the world, winged with the best hopes and thoughts of mankind. And its effect will be the measure both of its truth and its opportuneness. Had it not said what most sensible men and women were thinking, the wind would by this time have whistled it away. It stands because of the two inestimable gifts which it brings. It tells the truth about the war, and it points the only way out. In refusing to publish Lord Lansdowne's letter, the most interesting of our generation, the journalism of Lord Northcliffe writes itself down as the most inept in Europe. In honoring him with its abuse, it gives him a sure title to the blessing of millions.

Now, let it be understood that Lord Lansdowne has said nothing about the war that has not long been current among the reputable statesmanship of the Entente. His very words and ideas are barely his own. They are the words and ideas of President Wilson, of Mr. Asquith, of Lord Grey, of Mr. Balfour. His most disputed point is taken from Mr. Wilson's Note of last December. His argument for an international peace is based on Mr. Balfour's following despatch, and is coincident in spirit and often in letter, with the Presidential Message. And his essential plea for a re-statement of the war-aims of the Allies is merely a rehearsal of admitted facts. Since the last statement of those aims appeared, an entirely new situation has arisen in Europe. The Russia which covered up the ideal objects of the Alliance with a scheme of unbounded greed has disappeared, and been replaced by a Russia which repudiates it. The only fault which can be alleged against Lord Lansdowne's plea for revision is that it was not made earlier, when a Russian Government in sympathy with the Allied Powers vainly implored them to write aggression out of their programmes. That friendly Government has now fallen, and as a result some hundreds of thousands of German troops are free for transference from the front, and their blows have been felt in the bloody struggles around Cambrai. But Lord Lansdowne can say with truth that every item of the revised expression of the war-aims of the Entente which he favors is not only compatible with the declared views of their exponents, but is the only presentment of them they can face the world with. He suggests a certain way of approach to reasonable German opinion. He thinks we should make it plain to Germany that we do not desire her annihilation as a great Power. Few rational men outside Lord Northcliffe's offices assert that we wish such an end or can compass it. But if we repudiate such a policy, there is the most obvious political advantage in telling the German nation so. At every critical period of the war German soldiers and German citizens have been spurred to fight on against an Allied design to destroy their nation. Lord Lansdowne proposes that we should say that we do not wish to dictate to Germans

what form of government they shall live under. Neither does Mr. Lloyd George. He wishes to repudiate the damning charge against us that we are at war, not to destroy a dream of world-conquest, but to "knock-out" a trade competitor. So does the Prime Minister. He would tell Germany of our willingness to let the question of sea-power go into debate with that of land-power. So would Viscount Grey. And he proposes to call on Germany to make with us and the rest of the nations an international pact giving the world security from a second war such as this. If that peace-aim were put to the vote in France, England, America, Italy, Russia, and in the *Armies of these nations*, the supporting majority would be one of millions or of tens of millions. Finally, he suggests that the time has passed for a "wholesale re-arrangement" of South-Eastern Europe. If he means that the dismemberment of Austria is a policy for academics but not for Cabinets, there are not six statesmen in Europe who will disagree with him and not one in America.

So far, then, the Lansdowne letter stands on the common ground on which men of sense and humanity meet. Had it been formally taken a year ago, Russia might have been saved for the Alliance, and some hundreds of thousands of boys for life and happiness. What, then, bars its acceptance as an opening, we will not say to peace to-day or to-morrow, but to the only peace which can truly be said to end the war? We have seen only one criticism of Lord Lansdowne's letter which really addresses itself to this point. That is that the Germans are undefeated and peace is impossible so long as its material guarantee—the only thing that will bind Germany—is unsecured. But has Germany won? Admiral von Tirpitz at least does not say so. On the contrary, he insists that with Mesopotamia and the German colonies in our hands, and in face of the moral and the commercial defeat she has sustained from our propaganda and our sea-power, victory remains essentially with the British Empire, and Germany, in transatlantic opinion, is "conquered and done for." So say we. So must everyone conclude who remembers what Germany was when the war broke out and reflects on what she hoped to get from it. Germany struck most powerfully in the West. After over three years of war her Western Armies are as far as ever from their original objective, while over 127,000 of the soldiers who compose them are prisoners in our hands. This week the last of Germany's colonies has gone. The seas were closed to her from the hour when the British fleet began to act. She covers much land in the way of a military occupation, but in no sense as permanent tenure. Germany herself is a beleaguered country. So she will remain until she starves us or till the hostile alliance breaks up, or till America comes over to her side. Her old commercial standing in the world can be restored to her or barred out from her according to our will and America's. What we cannot do against her is precisely the thing that Lord Lansdowne and Mr. Wilson warn us not to attempt. Against our political principles, no less than against all the facts and reasonable possibilities of the military position, we may try to destroy her, to compass a "vindictive" or a "selfish" peace [Lord Lansdowne and Mr. Wilson], or to change her form of government against her will. With what result? To undo the work which our soldiers and sailors have sealed with their blood. Even if the wildest dreams of our Never-Endians were realized to-morrow and Germany's military machine were utterly and finally broken, the mere output of her cradles, the automatic increase of her population, would soon put all such calculations out of account.



One thing and one thing only our Never-Endians can accomplish. They can feed Germany with a fresh supply of the moral force she lacks, by transmuting *our* sense of a just cause against her into *her* sense of a just cause against us.

The second result of their policy, against which the Lansdowne letter and the Wilson Message are in joint protest, will be more fatal still. For their proposal is to take from the peace the one element of security which can give it any value. "We cannot trust Germany; no document to which she sets her hand is worth the paper on which it is written." That is the argument which Lord Lansdowne's letter destroys. For it is they, not he, who would rest the peace with Germany on Germany's sole word. Sooner or later they, like their more rational fellow-creatures, must come to a treaty. But the treaty which Lord Lansdowne and Mr. Wilson and all sensible men would negotiate is that of a collective guarantee against any Power which, as he says, is inclined to "break away from the rest." If Germany broke the territorial peace of the Never-Endians, we might or might not be able to collect an adequate opposition. But if she broke a peace of the Nations, she would automatically set in motion either the armed force of the League or the economic power of a "combine," including all the great Sea-Powers and the chief owners of the raw materials of the world's industry. The choice is between a Treaty which would remain valid just so long as Germany's great capacity of military and industrial recuperation failed to mature, and no longer, and a Treaty against which none of the aggressive acts and designs we truthfully allege against her military chiefs would avail her.

The Lansdowne letter, therefore, holds the field. It is the only policy which even this Government dares put before the country, for it offers the people a way of escape from a sequence of wars no less than a method of ending the existing conflict. But its immediate aim falls short even of a proposal to put a term to the war. All that it asks is that those who command the unceasing sacrifice of youth, whose savor rises to Heaven to accuse the religion and the reason of man, should state their case for requiring it. "You are fighting on?" says Lord Lansdowne in effect. "I do not question your choice, nor ask you to stop short of success. I ask you to say what you are fighting for. Do you insist that you have already defined your terms? I reply that the European society for which you defined them exists no longer, and that the new Europe which has come into being rejects them, or regards them as obsolete. The war is an excellent profiteering investment, avows the 'Daily Mail.' It goes on to keep up wages for workmen, prices for farmers, gains for capitalists. So be it. Let the end be declared for which our boys are perishing. At least enlighten the world before you condemn it to death."

That is the essential argument of the Lansdowne letter. Who can answer it? And who dares to leave it unanswered?

### THE EMBRYONIC VICTORY.

By a strange turn of fortune grave issues once more hang upon the progress of the struggle between the command of General von der Marwitz and the British Army. On the first occasion the German general had charge of only a small cavalry force, but he held the crossings of the Marne with the greatest vigor and skill. How different might the war have been if the 5th and British Armies had been able to advance but a little more rapidly. Von Kluck's army would have been unable to work round Manoury's flank, and might have been decisively outflanked and enveloped. It is no exaggeration to say that issues of the same order hang upon the battle which has developed about Cambrai. On November 20th we "gained a victory near Cambrai," the order of von der Marwitz runs. And then he proceeds to announce that his troops are now going to turn the "embryonic victory" of Sir Julian Byng into a defeat.

The description could not be more exact. It was

a victory which General Byng's Third Army gained on November 20th; but they also gained a more important "embryonic victory." This was the engagement that drew Hindenburg and Ludendorff to the Western Front, this that led to the concentration of huge forces, and to the beginning of a struggle which must, in a proper sense, be called decisive. Von der Marwitz's order reads as though the Germans were attempting to reverse an episode in which they had shown up badly before the world. Something of this no doubt motivated the fury of the attack when the Cockchafers committed suicide rather than surrender. Hindenburg's boasted line had been breached just after its special impenetrability had been proclaimed by Mr. Lloyd George. But at this stage of the war the Germans do not spend their troops so lavishly for a name. It must be realized that the fate of a considerable part of the German front is imperilled by the successes of the Third Army. Cambrai is one of the most important centres of the German organized position in France and Belgium. In a sense, it is even the most important of all. It lies more centrally than any other, and it is connected more elaborately with the adjacent centres. A most intricate web of railways, roads, and waterways discharges into it, and it can neither be abandoned, nor its full use resigned, without a readjustment probably as great as that after the Battle of the Somme, and more critical. We have before pointed out that an army can make local readjustment when they are not too near main communications with safety, ease, and profit, if there are secure pivotal areas reasonably near. The retreat after the Somme was an instance of such an operation. But during this year sector after sector has been worn thin and ruptured. An extensive sector lies about Ypres; another encroaches on the elbow of the line north of Soissons; a third holds Verdun. The new area about Cambrai adds a fresh preoccupation to the German Staff; and it is the gravest of all.

It is for these reasons that the struggle which has developed in the area must have a decisive effect upon the later stages of the war. And yet nothing could be further from the fact than the idea that the Germans are beaten. The extraordinary success of the counter-attack at first came as a disagreeable surprise to most people in this country; and, strangely enough, it was most surprising to the soldiers. Nothing of the order of this blow has been dealt by the Germans against the British since the second Battle of Ypres; and the struggle has strange points of resemblance to that battle. In both cases the enemy gained a success that was totally unexpected by us, and in both cases they do not seem to have known what to do with it. On the southern part of the salient created by our new positions the first shock of the Germans, coming upon troops totally unprepared to meet it, drove a gap in our lines that even extended to Gouzeaucourt and the original line. It was here that some of the troops were cut off and went to form the nucleus of that imposing figure which the Germans now claim. But they could not develop their gains. The "encircling movement" failed to encircle, and the reason is that the other arm of the thrust failed almost completely. The German plan was to combine with this southern blow a stroke through Mœuvres. The two assaults should have converged towards Havrincourt, and orders have been found showing Havrincourt and even more distant places as the destined objectives of various units. But the northern attack met with a more skilful resistance. Though the positions were hastily improvised, they had been chosen with considerable foresight, and the German defeat was more complete. Some of the German storming troops did, it is true, get through to the Bapaume-Cambrai road. But they were driven back promptly. A subsidiary movement, which was directed to the cutting off of the local salient about Bourslon Wood, came to nothing.

The result of the counter-attack has been to restore a narrow fringe from the East of Marcoing southwards to the Germans. Their main purpose failed, and failed as terribly as any of the forlorn attempts they have made to breach the lines of the Western front. All the reports speak of the massed formation of the German troops, of

their extraordinary persistence, and of their huge losses. The machine-gun detachments at Mœuvres had a perfect target, and fired belt after belt of cartridges at the assaulting troops. The guns had been carefully ranged and took the massed lines full and fair, cutting great swathes among them. The Germans put the number of troops engaged in our advance at 100,000. The British estimate of the Germans who took part in the counter-attack is just double the number. Troops recently engaged on the Flanders front were involved in the battle, and there were units from the Russian front and some of those not long ago reported in Italy are said to have been flung in. The counter-attack lacked nothing in violence, and seldom has there been fighting of so severe a character. At La Vacquerie the British troops are said to have killed more Germans than were ever killed before in the same area in the same time. Our troops fought magnificently; but it seems that they were hoist with their own petard. They had advanced against the Germans without preliminary bombardment. The enemy on part of the front repeated the ruse. They found the line lightly organized and lightly held. It is difficult to think that things were as they should have been. We do not know the reason, unless it be that contempt for the enemy which is apt to affect our troops after successes, and the very novelty of finding so serious a counter-attack from troops who for over two years have delivered no assault of such dimensions against us. But someone on the British right seems to have erred. It is the completeness of the surprise that calls for explanation. We lost a by no means negligible number and a considerable amount of material. We have lost the crossways of the Scheldt canal at Masnières; we lost the little hill upon which Lateau Wood stands; and apparently we have lost the important cross-roads at Bonavis. It is true that the enemy failed to achieve his main purpose, and his losses were very severe.

But the enemy must not be our measure. If we are to drive the Germans from the territory they occupy, we must not risk half the fruits of our victories by oversight or over-elation. The Germans are now able to dispose of considerably more troops than has been the case for months. Thanks largely to the errors of our statesmanship, numbers of divisions have been released from the Russian front, and it is absurd to think they will be kept idle while so serious a threat as the thrust at Cambrai is unrelieved. If the "embryo" is to mature, it will require more cherishing than it has at present received. We deeply regret the removal of divisions to another front. For the battle is not over, and we must expect an even sterner struggle before the fruits of our success are gathered.

### THE NEW FREEDOM OF THE SEAS.

On one point, and only one point, have the polemics aroused by Lord Lansdowne's letter stated a substantial and permanent issue. The outcry that this is no time to talk of peace must one day dwindle to an inarticulate murmur, but the problem of "the freedom of the seas" will remain, and it may still divide us. The difficulty of too many Englishmen is, indeed, to realize that it is a problem. To them Lord Lansdowne has supplied the aptest answer. It is not the enemy alone who reminds us that a problem exists. America was always acutely aware of it, and never more so than during this war. Within a few months of her entry into it, she was addressing to us protests against our reading of the law of the seas as energetic and decided as any peaceful remonstrances well could be. In its earliest definitions of the League of Nations, Mr. Wilson formulated first among its two main purposes, the maintenance of the freedom of the seas. It is to be, as he said in his great speech in May, 1916,

"a universal association of nations to maintain inviolate the security of the highways of the seas for the common unhindered use of all the nations of the world, and to prevent any war begun either contrary to treaty covenants or without warning and full submission of the cause to the opinion of the world."

On the eve of becoming a belligerent, Mr. Wilson once more repeated this principle in his speech to the Senate (January 22nd, 1917):—

"The paths of the sea must, alike in law and in fact, be free. The freedom of the seas is the *sine qua non* of peace, equality and co-operation."

The idea recurs in his Message of this week. What Mr. Wilson said a year ago and on Tuesday last, the remaining neutrals say still. If Germany were to be blotted out, the problem would still confront us at the settlement.

The first difficulty is to grasp what precisely the phrase implies, and the task is rendered no easier by the fact that it is so often used in a polemical sense against ourselves. We hold, and for over a century have held, the rank of the leading Sea-power, and we are also the Power which has maintained the stiffest reading of sea-law. One school of German writers undoubtedly has meant, and still means by this phrase, simply the destruction or supersession of our superior sea-power. The Tirpitz-Reventlow school sometimes have toyed with the idea of reining in and fettering our sea-power by reforming international law in a way that would make a fleet a less formidable instrument of warfare. On that hope they never really built; their foible is not faith in international law. What they really meant was that our sea-power must be weakened and theirs enhanced by the building of a great German fleet, by the acquisition of coaling stations, and, above all, by the retention of a naval base on the shores of Dover Straits. The seas, in short, would be free for Germany when Germany, and not England, was their mistress. To that proposition, if one or other of us two must be "mistress," there can be from us only one answer. It is well to have it stated crudely, even by an enemy, because it may serve to reveal to us what really is the precarious element in our position. Our traditional sentiment is based on the idea that we are the "warden" and the "mistress" of the seas, and though we hold it as a trust that we should keep them "free," we have never worked out to its full consequences the conception that if there is to be a "partnership of nations" in the future world this trust must be shared. The eloquent manifesto of the French Socialist Party brought this conflict to its ultimate solution when it laid down the principle that the future mistress of the seas must be the League of Nations.

Before this war there was a wide measure of agreement over the type of reform which was required to secure "the freedom of the seas." The American and German Governments, thinkers of the Manchester School, English Radicals (including ourselves), and pacifists in all countries, adhered to the old programme of Benjamin Franklin and Cobden. They would confine sea-war strictly to the armed forces of the belligerents, forbid blockade, save as part of the siege of a defended place, abolish the right to capture enemy ships, and protect the unhindered trade of neutrals in everything save contraband. It is a perfectly logical conception, which arises naturally from individualist premisses. It regards war as a relation of Governments, Armies, and Fleets, which ought to leave the non-combatant civilian and his trade as far as possible untouched. All this is, to our thinking, as dead as the *laissez faire* individualism from which it sprang. In wars of nations the trade of the enemy cannot be spared, and if the neutrals are inconvenienced, the answer is, substantially, as Mr. Wilson himself said while he was still a neutral: "In the next war there can be no neutrals." The Germans themselves have realized the change as clearly as we do ourselves, and we question whether they will attempt to recur at the settlement to such antiquated remedies as the abolition of the right of capture. Dr. Friedrich Naumann, a writer who has a lively sense of the movement of the times, has put the position clearly and well ("Die Hilfe," September 6th):—

"What can the expression 'Freedom of the Seas' mean? It should originally express the idea adopted by the majority at the second Hague Conference, but deliberately rejected by England, that private commerce should remain untouched and unmolested by the military operation of a sea-war. A return to this order of ideas is barely possible, for the world war has made the notion of any continued movement of trade amid the



thunder of the guns inoperative for neutral nations, while for the belligerents it has become a mere illusion. It is now impressed on the minds of all nations that, at bottom, every article of commerce is an aid in the conduct of the war, and no future belligerent will ever forget what he may suffer in the open from blockade or submarine. . . . In the place of this conception, the question of the freedom of the seas passes into the general question of world-peace: whether it is possible through a system of arbitration-treaties to make the outbreak of fresh wars so improbable, that we can again take up our shipping trade and our commercial intercourse without reckoning with the risk of war. Opinions will differ as to whether that is possible, but pacifists and naval experts will agree, that in a war between World-Powers there can be no serious talk of the freedom of the seas. The result is that, save in so far as it is conceived as an item in a system of world-peace, the demand for the freedom of the seas can be conceived only in the limited sense, that during peace every ship-owner may enter every port, and there unload and load his wares."

The rest of the article develops this limited commercial rendering of the freedom of the seas. Dr. Naumann (who quotes other authoritative German writers) conceives the "war after war" as the gravest peril of civilization. After the boycott of raw materials, he fears chiefly that by one expedient or another English ports may be effectually closed to German ships. They must not expect to be hospitably received as friends and guests: but the common inns, he urges, must be opened to them. The author of "Mittel-europa," who did more than any other German to give our own fanatics an excuse for their "war after war," is now aware of the results of his work. The freedom of the seas in peace has regained a real meaning. It now means primarily the right to make an effective commercial use of the seas.

In this last limited sense, all sane Englishmen will concede Herr Naumann's point. There can be no lasting peace until there is freedom of commercial intercourse in the sense that a German ship may enter our ports and load and unload without fear of boycotts or discriminating shipping dues. We are more interested, however, in underlining Dr. Naumann's perception of the fact that the question of the freedom of the seas in any wider sense than this has merged into the larger problem of world-peace. Some revision of sea-law there must be, if only in the interests of humanity, but it is not likely to touch capture, or the embargo, or to restore even the old rights of neutrals. The solution lies, to our thinking, in a recognition of the fact that war itself has become the common affair of the whole civilized globe. If it breaks out again, it will assuredly bring with it all, and more than all, our present interferences with trade. The moral is, as Mr. Wilson has preached, that if war comes, it must be the act of an organized civilization, adopted only against a Power which has defied it. Herr Naumann talks of treaties of arbitration. We need much more than that. We require a League to secure the treaties, and this League must include all present belligerents. Among its functions, and not the least among them, must be that it will ensure the freedom of the seas to all States which loyally abide by its statutes. The whole League, in other words, will join in forbidding the seas, by boycott, embargo, and capture, to the shipping of any Power which goes to war without submitting its dispute to the processes of reason. It will ensure the free use of the seas and of all its ports to every Power which lives by its rule of peace. The embargo and the blockade will survive, but only as an instrument of repression against a Power which has defied the processes of conciliation, but they will be imposed only with the consent of the League. If both belligerents in a future war have ignored the Courts and Councils of the League, we should follow the logic of our argument by laying down the principle that in such a case the League, as a whole, should limit the conflict, and enforce the rights of neutrals to trade unhampered. If it tolerated such a war at all, the League could not allow the use of methods which would disturb the whole world's trade.

The conception to which we must come in the end is, we believe, that these drastic interferences with trade

are a weapon of coercion so tremendous that only the whole civilized world may wield them. They will be the most effective sanction of its authority, whether they take the form of peaceful boycott or of a naval blockade. But they will be effective to restrain the aggressor only if the League is able in normal conditions to ensure the largest measure of commercial freedom. Only if peoples may use the seas freely in peace will the threat to withdraw this freedom avail to deter them from war. Only if there is mutual inter-dependence in peace, will the fear of an embargo constitute a powerful motive to keep the peace. Commercial freedom, and the freedom of the seas, are twin aspects of any constructive reading of world-peace. One can no more omit from this whole chapter such matters as the impartial distribution of the world's raw materials than one can exclude the reduction of armaments. The idea that much was to be gained by isolated expedients like the reform of the law of sea-warfare is antiquated. The freedom of the seas can be won only by an organic regulation of peace. The League of Nations must be the mistress of the seas which ensures the common freedom to all who live at peace and withdraws it only from those who threaten war.

### A RIDE TO RUIN.

In a contribution to the "Times," the writer of last summer's articles on "The Social Unrest" underlines the rapid increase in the war expenditure due to improvident finance. Since September some 75 millions have been added to soldiers' and sailors' pay, increases of wages amounting to about the same sum have been granted to munition workers and other wage-earners engaged on war-work or other public service, while the subsidies to bread and potatoes come to something like 50 millions. This great growth of expenditure, amounting to 200 millions, was not allowed for in the Budget. It is the result of the continual rise of prices, which again largely, though not entirely, comes from the increased cost of production that follows from a rise of money wages. The nation is entangled ever more helplessly in this vicious circle, and matters must grow worse unless our Government takes the courage to expel the vice of its finance. That vice is the persistent refusal to make an adequate use of taxation, and a persistent resort to inflation in the processes of borrowing which it employs instead. In a printed answer given the other day, Mr. Bonar Law states that the total increase of taxation for this year, as compared with the pre-war amount, is 411 millions, of which about 200 millions is levied upon Excess Profits. Now, having regard to the enlargement of war costs, it is quite clear that this year's war expenditure alone will not be less than 2,500 millions. It follows that unless some immediate further taxation is laid (and we understand that Mr. Law repudiates any such intention), this year's load of new debt will exceed 2,000 millions. This will of itself add a sum of 100 millions to next year's expenditure for interest, even if no provision for sinking fund be made.

How can we carry on? Every process of sound borrowing—i.e., borrowing from persons who forego consumption, has long been abandoned as utterly inadequate to fill the ever-widening gulf between taxation and expenditure. The gallant attempt to finance the war by Treasury Bonds is not providing anything like one-quarter of what is wanted, and all the elaborate machinery of stimulation cannot raise more than a fraction of the requirements. If the Government continues to rely on borrowing, it will be driven again to one or more of the methods of inflation it has hitherto employed. But it will have to inflate more and more, in order to meet the automatic increase of prices and of war costs which inflation itself produces. Our public men and our Press have pointed with amazement and ridicule to the use which the Russian Government has made of its printing press to produce paper-money and to the appalling results upon prices and public confidence. But even that method is less expensive and perhaps less dishonest than our method of using

bankers either to make enormous loans by book-keeping devices, or to provide easy and long-timed accommodation to customers who have not themselves got current money to lend to Government. These are only other ways of manufacturing paper money, which represents no real production of wealth, and, when used by the War Government for purchase and payment, inflates prices and inflicts grave injury upon the poor.

Continually during the last two years economists and financial authorities have enforced this peril. But the Government have disregarded all remonstrances. Too bland or too cowardly to take the necessary steps to stop it, they prefer to watch the national finances drifting to perdition. The increase of taxation for this year will not have sufficed to provide interest and sinking fund for the new indebtedness incurred, the narrowest measure of fiscal security. If we continue to finance the war by bank-aided borrowing, while actual supplies of goods are failing, the rise of prices must be sharper than ever, and any Government attempt to check this rise, as in the case of bread or tea, must mean more public subsidies, more borrowing, and a stronger upward drive of prices.

There are only two checks upon this ride to ruin. The first is heavier taxation, imposed at once. The amount of war taxation should be doubled. It is quite evident that in most business quarters the present taxes are not seriously felt; they do not check extravagant living or net high dividends. Taxation alone ensures that command of real wealth is transferred to the Government, and that no rise of prices follows its expenditure. This helps every purpose of war economy, for by compelling private thrift it releases labor from the relatively unnecessary employment and increases the man-power available for war purposes. High taxation, now imposed, might stop the spread of the disease. But it could not undo the neglect and cowardice of the past. Besides enhanced taxation of income, arrangements should be set on foot for unloading a large part of the war-burden itself as soon as the war is over, by means of a levy upon the value of all forms of capital and real estate. In some quarters this is resented as a class attack on capital. We advocate it in no such spirit. We urge its consideration on grounds of financial necessity. For unless some serious attempt is made to reduce the body of national indebtedness, we cannot see how ordinary methods of taxation, however stiffly graded, can enable us to pay our way, much less to make provision for new needs of education, housing, land development, and other social reforms. The body of our national debt next April will not be much less than 6,000 millions, and, were the war then to be ended, at least another 1,000 must be added for borrowing on account of demobilization. If we deducted the bulk of the advances to Allies (though this repayment must be dubious and remote), a deduction of 1,000 millions on this account would still leave us with a debt involving 300 millions per annum for interest, with 60 millions more for sinking fund at 1 per cent. To this would have to be added a large sum, certainly not less than 40 millions, for pensions. Here is a total addition of 400 millions, without any provision for increase of military and naval costs above the pre-war figure, or for social policy. Moreover, a large increase upon ordinary pre-war services will be involved by the higher general scale of wages and prices which must prevail. The post-war expenditure cannot thus be put down at less than 700 millions per annum, a sum considerably exceeding the present revenue, swollen by 200 millions of abnormal taxation on war profits.

The objection to a capital levy that in reality it is nothing else than an additional income-tax has no validity. If, by means of a levy after the war, some 2,000 millions could be raised, preferential payment of the levy being taken in War Loan scrip, railway, mining, and banking shares, and the bulk of the remainder in other negotiable securities, such as land mortgages and business shares, a larger piece of the war loan could be immediately redeemed, while other portions could be paid off as the other securities were marketed. In the case of railways, mines, and, we hope, banking and insurance, where nationalization should be the post-

war policy, payment of the levy in such shares would correspondingly ease the financial operation of the transfer. Apart from this consideration, the absolute reduction of the debt by repayment, or by the acquisition of large State assets, would strengthen our public finance during the period of reconstruction. Those who object to the capital levy, either on grounds of feasibility or equity, should be asked to show the alternative.

## A London Diary.

LONDON, FRIDAY.

I AM told that the German peace terms, when they are disclosed, are likely to lean heavily to Baron von Kühlmann's well-known inclination to a "good" settlement with the Western Powers.

I HAVE seen the Lansdowne letter compared to a "bombshell," and that word fairly describes the scattering effect it has had on its critics. It has sent Mr. Garvin sprawling over leagues of slatternly prose, and the "Times," ranging between anguished attempts to represent Lord Lansdowne first as a person of no importance, then as a world-incendiary, and finally as so much of a nuisance that the sooner the lid is clapped on him and his letter the better. Add to this an ingenious effort to concoct a hostile American opinion, an outraged England, and a horrified Alliance, the whole liberally served with personal abuse growing hotter as the Northcliffe press descends from Printing House Square to the gutter. Finally, silence, broken by an expiring effort to put the essentially identical Wilson message on a pinnacle of glory in comparison with the shame of British statesmanship. I have seen abler press manoeuvring, but none more obvious.

THESE tactics avail nothing to cover up the greatest blunder that the "Times" has made since the Pigott forgeries. The Lansdowne letter was much the most interesting communication that has been made to the Press since I began to be a journalist. The author and the occasion were both of the first consequence. It was perfectly open to the "Times," in obedience to its custom, to insert the Lansdowne letter, and administer all the censure it pleased. It preferred to hand it over to its rival, the "Telegraph," and reduce itself to the humiliation of criticizing without publishing it, while the unhappy "Mail" had to print it twenty-four hours after it had been in the mouth of all Europe. That is a pretty decisive test of the merits of Northcliffe journalism presented with a serious issue. Lord Northcliffe is a pretty good hand at the kind of newspaper which no intelligent man cares to read. The "Times," of course, he did not make; and if he has modernized and smartened it, it is equally true to say that he has diminished its weight of metal and character. But with his industry and resources he had the chance of creating a real "organ of opinion," something which would rank with original journalism of the stamp of the "Manchester Guardian," or the "Temps," or the "Débats," or the "Frankfurter Zeitung," or with half-a-dozen of the best American dailies. He has never done it. Why? Because he could not. The other day I picked up on the bookstalls a creation of the Harmsworth Press with the entirely appropriate designation of the "Funny Wonder." It seems a hard thing to say, but the "Funny Wonder" strikes one as being nearer the Northcliffian mind than the best thing for which it is nominally responsible, which is, I suppose, the Literary Supplement of the "Times." Lord Northcliffe is a man of parts in his way; but time merely exhibits his complete unfitness for political leadership.

It would be a great mistake to suppose that, even taking our journalism as it stands, subject to the lure and the threat of the Northcliffe Press, its verdict has gone against Lord Lansdowne. I take the following list









of daily journals which can be described as Pro-Lansdowne. It is an extremely respectable one; indeed, if one excepts the "Chronicle," it may be said to represent the greatly preponderating verdict of the Liberal and Nationalist Press:—

"Daily Telegraph."	"Aberdeen Free Press."
"Daily News."	"Edinburgh Evening News."
"Westminster Gazette."	"Leicester Post."
"Evening Standard."	"Darlington Echo."
"Star."	"North-Eastern Daily Gazette."
"Manchester Guardian."	"Freeman's Journal."
"Western Daily Mercury."	"Irish Independent."
"Sheffield Independent."	
"Birmingham Gazette."	
"Daily Mirror."	

Add to these such journals as the "Scotsman," the "Yorkshire Post," the "Liverpool Daily Post," the "Glasgow Herald," the "Dundee Advertiser," whose criticism is moderate and balanced. Where is the Anti-Lansdowne movement? Outside the mechanics of the Tory caucus and the froth of the Jingo Press it hardly exists.

BUT Lord Lansdowne's best backing comes, after all, from America. The Presidential Message, like everything Mr. Wilson says and writes, is an immensely stimulating and question-provoking document. But its tenor is plain enough. It stands at the positive pole of a constructive policy for the Allies, with the Lansdowne letter fixed at the negative pole. Sentence on sentence could be transferred from the one document to the other without change of meaning or emphasis. It is thought, here and there, that Mr. Wilson has stretched his admonition to Germany to liberalize herself further than either a philosophic democrat, or a conservative mind of the Lansdowne type, cares to follow him. If Germany concedes the terms we want, say these critics, shall we look too hard at the hand that offers them? Let Germany cleanse it; that is her business, not ours. But, after all, Mr. Wilson wants a big thing. He wants to present the world with a democratic Europe from the Neva to the Thames. Who shall blame him? But he has at least avoided nearly all the pitfalls of the old diplomatic approach. He will be no party to a mere territorial settlement. He is out for the League of Nations. Tchecho-Slovakia, Austrian dismemberment, absorption of the Rhine borderland, an economic war-after-war, the whole apparatus of aggressive Imperialism, are swept away, and even contrasted with the "instinctive" justice of the Russian formula of no annexations or indemnities. There is a connecting plea for a more human and considerate treatment of the troubles of Russian revolutionists than Lord Robert Cecil's harsh language forebodes. There speaks the clear, sharp voice of American democracy. It is obvious that America will not share our boycott of Russia, and her example should have weight with us.

MEANWHILE, the Lansdowne letter sets the pace of our politics. Lord Lansdowne is not a man of genius; but he inherits the courage of the best kind of Whig, and adds to it a certain manly directness and force of mind and character. Impossible to go back to the world as it existed before his letter appeared; all the wringing of hands from one set of Mandarins, all the shrinkings and abjurations of another, will not take an iota from the force of that plain, truth-telling word. For it says what men think, and even if no statesman of authority countersigned it, its message would still fly through the ranks, though all the false prophets of journalism banded themselves together to withstand it. There was a reasonable hope that Mr. Asquith and his colleagues would stand by the man who had put their policy into plain English. It has been disappointed. I am told that the meeting of Liberal leaders was unanimous for the letter, and Lord Grey may, I am confident, be greeted as an enthusiastic friend. But the Front Bench is a Church of Laodicea, and its works are of that ancient kind. These gentlemen can catch the tide or miss it. It is for them to decide. But the tide will go

on. Good sense and mercy have not forsaken the world; and men of reason and conscience will gather to its help.

I UNDERSTAND, by the way, that Lord Lansdowne has expressed warm approval of the President's Message.

I AM told that the Government has invited "Billy Sunday" to address the British people on the war. I can hardly credit it. The offer must have been made, if it was made, in ignorance of the character of this man's methods. The Mad Mullah's would have been temperate in comparison. Take this description of him which a friend who recently heard him sends me:—

"With a single movement he fell flat upon the floor, face downwards, and crawling, snakewise, to the edge of the platform he looked over it and held a colloquy with the devil. With a single bound he was on his feet again; with another, he alighted on the top of the reading desk, and, poised upon the toes of one foot, in a Mercury-like attitude, he addressed the heavenly powers. The conclusion of this gymnastic feat was greeted with circus-like applause, during which Mr. Sunday vigorously scrubbed his face, head, and hands with a large bath towel, a ceremony he observed at frequent intervals. He now made a personal appeal to his hearers to listen to his words. He besought them 'not to wait until the undertaker is pumping the embalming fluid' into them. Not far away a young woman laughed. He flashed at her a string of slang adjectives, most of them unintelligible to an Englishman, though one recognised 'frizzle-haired sissy.'"

LORD PORTSMOUTH's sudden end is a shock; I saw him a few days ago, fresh and hale of aspect and color. He was a man of some parts, elaborately built up by his able mother to play a great rôle in politics. For this indeed he was hardly fitted. He was a person round whom stories gather; how many dated from his early days at Balliol, losing nothing in the telling! A certain oddity of demeanor and speech gave these pleasantries a great vogue; yet Lord Portsmouth lacked neither ability nor character nor kindness. I suppose that it is a bad thing to be rich and an Earl, with a name and a presentiment of greatness. Certainly all these things pursued Lord Portsmouth's career without really crowning it.

A SIGN of the Times. An extraordinary number of copies of the Pope's Peace Note, running I am told into five figures, have been sold in this country.

A WAYFARER.

## Life and Letters.

BY AN UNKNOWN DISCIPLE.

ON our way to Tyre we turned aside and walked across the plain of Ptolemais to see that city. There was a throng round the gate. A camel caravan crowded up the great door, and some horsemen waited impatiently outside, soothing their frightened horses, while the camels, who make haste for no man, stepped slowly forth, bobbing their heads. It was some time before all was clear, and we could pay our tolls and pass through the small gate into the city. This sea-town was full of foreigners, and speech with them was difficult, for though Jesus and some others of us knew Greek, we did not speak it as our mother tongue. The settled inhabitants were too busy to listen to teaching, and the sailors were full of their work, and did not wish to hear. Some of them knew no Greek, but spoke barbarous tongues which we had never heard before, so Jesus did not try to talk to them, but went about with us to see the sights.

The centre place of the city was packed with thousands of camels and tens of thousands of sheep. The air was filled with the complaints of the sheep and the cries of the men who shepherded them. Near the shops rows of the camels lay in the dust, being loaded. Their doubled back knee joints were bound round with string to keep them from rising, and men carried bales from the warehouses to tie on their packs. When one camel was loaded its knee was released, and the great beast

rose, rocking under its load. Then another was led up and forced to kneel and take its place.

There were many signs of the Roman power in Ptolemais. The streets were paved, a gang of slaves, working under the lash of a Roman foreman, were laying out a new road, and as we went out of the market place to the sea we met a squad of soldiers marching in helmets and breastplates commanded by a hard-faced centurion. We passed by the temple to Jupiter, built in the Greek style, and Jesus stopped to watch the worshippers of this god as they passed in and out of the portico. Judas Iscariot's face wore a bitter look when he saw the tranquillity of Jesus before this heathen temple.

"They have worshipped false gods here ever since Alexander the Great took this city. It has never been a city of the Jews," he said, for he knew much history.

Jesus did not answer, but Matthew made reply.

"The Canaanites worshipped false gods too. Pity was we did not take the city from them when Pharaoh released us after taking us captive to work for him in Egypt. If Moses had lived . . ."

Judas cut him short.

"Moses sinned, and his work failed. It is always so with our leaders. They do not complete the work. They left this coast in the hands of foreigners, and through their open seaports all manner of abominations have come. Now the Romans are paving ways over all our land for their wickedness to walk on. Soon we shall cease to be a nation."

No one answered, for Judas's denunciation tired the mind, and we wanted to watch the sights. We walked on in silence till we reached the quays.

Here were more signs of the strength of the Romans. A galley was clearing the harbor, and we could hear the clank of the oars as the chained prisoners strained their way out to sea. Many ships lay by the quay-side, loading and unloading. On one quay an elephant stacked baulks of timber that had come from Lebanon, while on another crates of wild beasts, hyenas and lions from the Arabian desert, waited to be hoisted into a ship, the miserable creatures roaring in their narrow cages on their way to the games in Rome.

The business and bustle all around, and the many strange sights of the city stirred the blood of the disciples. Peter's eyes shone, and he was excited as he went from ship to ship to see with what each was loading, and the others followed him. But Jesus stood before the poor caged beasts, and looked at them with compassion. His face was sad and he sighed, and after a time he turned and led the way from the quays to where, by steps, we could reach the beach. I alone followed, and we walked along the sand in the direction of Tyre. When we had got some way from Ptolemais, so that its roofs only showed in the distance, with Mount Carmel behind them, we sat down on the sand-hills to wait for the others. The afternoon breeze had begun to blow up from the sea. Behind us a clump of palms rattled their branches together in the wind as if they clapped their hands, and in front the strong waves broke in long lines of foam on the shore. After the turmoil of the city there was soothing in the roar of the sea and the harsh rattle of the palms.

Jesus sat watching it all. Once he said, half to me, half to himself:

"God is holy in all his works," and then he fell silent again.

So we sat and spoke no more until the others came up weary of sight-seeing, but excited still with all they had seen. Jesus told them to rest, for we had a long walk before us. We were to sleep in a village somewhat short of Tyre that night, so they threw themselves down on the sand-hills and took out bread and ate.

Peter talked of the tall houses of Tyre that we should see on the morrow, and of all the wonders they had seen that day, and Jesus asked Judas if he knew the histories of Ptolemais and of Tyre. And so, as we lay there on the sand-hills, Judas told of the glories these cities had seen and of the Kings who had ruled over them. He told of how Cleopatra had come up from Egypt with her litters, and her chariots and horsemen to be married to Alexander Balas in Ptolemais with great

pomp, as is the manner of kings; and of how this same Alexander had robbed Jonathan Maccabeus with purple in the centre place of the city, giving him great honor so that his enemies fled from before him.

"In the very same market-place where we have but now seen the camels," said Judas. And then he told of the death of Jonathan, treacherously slain by King Tryphon within the walls of Ptolemais.

"Jonathan was brother of Judas, who made a treaty with Rome, and so brought the present misery upon us," said Judas.

"Should we have been a kingdom now if he had conquered without the Roman help?" asked Peter, who forgot the enmity he had for Judas, as he listened to his talk.

"Our rulers have always betrayed us," answered Judas. "God gave us this land, but these foreign kings made it their battlefield, and our rulers sought their friendship. What are we even now but a bridge between nations? These dogs of foreigners walk over us as if we did not count!"

"But we have risen against them," cried Peter. "The Galileans have always fought, looking for a Deliverer."

"We Jews always think each new rising will bring forth a Messiah," said Nathaniel.

"There have been Messiahs in plenty, but they have not freed us," said Judas.

"Shall we ever be free?" Peter persisted.

"We will never stand being governed by strangers," said Judas.

"It is our own fault that the Romans hold the power they do," said Matthew. "We do not govern as well as they."

"It is our rulers, I tell you," said Judas. "Even now the High Priest is a friend to Pilate. I know. Do I not come from Judea? He would like us to follow the custom of the Romans, who make their Emperors gods and worship them. And they do not govern as well as you say, Matthew. Look at these things!" And he went on to tell of how the conquerors had plundered the poor, robbing them of all they had, until no man was secure, and the whole land was overrun with thieves and rebels. And Simon and Jude, who were shepherds and had fed their flocks on the hills of Galilee before they followed Jesus, joined in the talk, and told of how men had stolen their sheep, and of how they had to take refuge in the caves to hide from the robbers. These things we all knew, and Peter grew weary of listening, and urged Judas to tell more tales, and so Judas told of Alexander the Great and how he had besieged Tyre, and of the mole which he had built into the sea to bring his engines of war against the walls of the city, which mole was now a causeway, having silted up with sand, so that men walked dry shod over it. Then he told of wars with the Egyptians and the Arabians and with men from the north, until there seemed no end to the conquerors of our nation. Jesus listened, looking now at Judas, and now at the waves. Suddenly Judas slacked in his talk, and turned to Jesus and said, and his dark eyes glowed with the fire that was in him.

"Master, will you not give us the kingdom?"

Jesus bent his eyes on Judas, and his face was kind but wistful as he answered.

"I cannot give any man the kingdom, Judas. He must take it for himself."

Peter burst in excitedly.

"When we have taken it who shall rule over us? What place shall we have? Shall we do great deeds like these kings?"

"You shall do greater deeds than these," said Jesus.

"What deeds?" cried Peter, and the others moved nearer to hear too.

"I will tell you another time; you could not understand if I told you now," said Jesus, tranquilly.

"Is it something hidden?" Peter asked in a low voice, looking at the other disciples.

"No; I have no secrets," said Jesus. And then he laughed and said, teasing Peter,

"When you light a lamp, Peter, do you put a corn measure over it? Or hide it under the bed? Do not be







afraid. Truth cannot be kept hidden. What I teach you in the dark say again in the light, and what I whisper in your ear shout from the housetops."

"Then why will you not tell us now?" said Peter.

"Your mind is full of other things, and you would not have ears to hear. Take care how you listen when you are not in a mood to understand," said Jesus.

Peter went on urging him to tell, but Jesus shook his head and refused to answer. At last he said:

"It is not good to let your mind waver between Yea and Nay."

He rose, and shaking the sand from his clothing, said: "Come, it is time to be going if we are to reach shelter before nightfall."

And Peter followed him silently, puzzling over his meaning. Judas walked with me, but he was silent too, his face dark and gloomy. Once he muttered to himself: "Playing with children and with Peter will not give us the Kingdom."

It was late when we reached the village in which we were to sleep, and we were all tired out and footsore. Jesus told us to tell no one we had come, so that we could go straightway into the house and rest. He himself had had little to eat all day, and when he came into the lighted room, I saw that he was covered with the dust of the road, and that his face was weary.

The woman of the house greeted us and offered water to wash, and then she said in apology to Jesus, for she saw how tired he was—

"There is a woman here, a Greek, a native of this place. She has been waiting to see you, sir."

I was about to ask him not to see her now, when the Greek woman came swiftly out of the shadow where she had been sitting, and knelt before Jesus. She was a young woman and in great distress. Her face was white with anxiety as she looked up at him.

"Sir," she said, "I hear you are a Prophet, and have the gift of healing. My daughter is ill. I entreat you to come and cure her."

For a moment Jesus hesitated (and indeed he was very tired), and seeing this the woman's eyes filled with tears, and she cried out like a child—

"Oh, sir, I forgot that you are a Jew, and that the Jews think they alone are children of God, and look upon all Greeks as dogs."

And in an agony of disappointment she bowed her head over the feet of Jesus, holding them with her hands.

There was a smile in the eyes of Jesus, but his voice was grave as he answered:

"Do you think it fair to take the children's bread and throw it to dogs?"

The woman raised her head. Her bright eyes gleamed with sudden mirth through the tears that brimmed their lids, and she spoke swiftly—

"Yes, sir, for the dogs under the table feed on the children's crumbs"; and then the tears overflowed and ran down her cheeks, and she bowed herself together to hide them.

Jesus touched her on the shoulder.

"For saying that, I will come and heal your daughter," he said, and the woman, as if she scarcely believed she heard aright, rose quickly to her feet and dashing the tears from her eyes, led him away.

#### OF CANT.

CANT is the use of popular deception, a flim-flam appeal to accepted virtue, a bogus signal of "Save Our Souls," a pious camouflage to conceal iniquity from the angels. Murray is rather dubious about the word's origin, but inclines to connect it with the "cantus" of Mendicant Friars. "The canting crew" was an early phrase for them, and even at fashionable bazaars one hears a titled seller soon drop into the beggar's whine. From friars the word passed to gipsies and thieves, and so came to be used of any professional or technical jargon, employed for purposes of secrecy. The next step was to "a set form of words used perfunctorily," "any stock phrase much affected at the time," "phraseology used for fashion's sake without being a genuine expression of sentiment."

In illustration of this stage of meaning, Murray quotes the over-familiar saying from Boswell: "My dear friend, clear your mind of cant. You may talk in this manner; it is the mode of talking in society; but don't think foolishly." Finally, the great Dictionary arrives at the definition, "Language implying the pretended assumption of goodness or piety." So, in this little word, are combined the ideas of sanctimonious whine, of unreal but fashionable phrases, of an accepted jargon used to conceal reality, and of an insincerity which is not a "lie in the soul," but an outward lie to conform with popular usage. It is the language of hypocrisy, the readiest camouflage for a debased or commonplace mind.

Mr. Chadband is rather too violent, too obvious in his concealment. Like the Turkish snipers on Gallipoli, he paints himself too green, and sticks on too many branches for a convincing bush. Mr. Pecksniff is subtler, but which of his cantings are we to select when they are so abundant?—

"As to your forgiveness, Mr. Pecksniff," said the youth, "I'll not have it upon such terms. I won't be forgiven."

"Won't you, John?" retorted Mr. Pecksniff, with a smile. "You must. You can't help it. Forgiveness is a high quality; an exalted virtue; far above your control or influence, John. I will forgive you. You cannot move me to remember any wrong you have ever done me, John."

Perhaps the best example is the sentence:—

"Charity, my dear," said Mr. Pecksniff, "when I take my chamber candlestick to-night, remind me to be more than usually particular in praying for Mr. Anthony Chuzzlewit, who has done me an injustice."

Or, if that is too well known, remember how he goes on:—

"All our thoughts centring in our very dear but unkind relative, and he being, as it were, beyond our reach, we are met to-day really as if we were a funeral party, except—a blessed exception—that there is no Body in the house."

"The strong-minded lady was not at all sure that this was a blessed exception. Quite the contrary."

These are accepted examples of cant—"a phraseology used for fashion's sake without being a genuine expression of sentiment," "language implying the pretended assumption of goodness and piety." Similar examples abound in "Tartuffe." At the mention of cant, the figures of Tartuffe and Pecksniff rise at once before the mind. But the word is not limited to religious or moral humbug. Its use has extended far into political language and economic doctrine. In those spheres also we sometimes find phraseology employed for fashion's sake without being a genuine expression of sentiment. There also we hear language implying the pretended assumption, if not of goodness or piety, at least of fine benevolence and liberal enthusiasm. And however rare a fashionable cant may be in the political life of our own country, it so happens that to-day we need not go far to discover illustrations of it in this region too. The comments upon Lord Lansdowne's letter in three leading newspapers supply examples without research. In a leading article, entitled "A Stab in the Back," the "Morning Post" accuses Lord Lansdowne of uniting various people who "are working, consciously and unconsciously, for Germany in one clamorous cry." It continues:—

"He has stretched out one hand to the Vatican and the other to Stockholm. Mr. Norman Angell is seen to be his intellectual guide, and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald his spiritual counsellor. The Union of Democratic Control and the League of Nations to Enforce Peace may henceforth meet under the shadow of Lansdowne House."

If we give the writer credit for having read the letter he criticizes, he could not believe those statements to be true. He knew there was nothing in the letter to justify them, or to justify his title of "A Stab in the Back." He wrote this because that kind of abuse seemed the easiest and most acceptable way of pleasing the paper's readers, while, at the same time, discrediting the object of his attack. He was employing for fashion's sake a phraseology which was not a genuine expression of



sentiment. He was presenting us with an illustration of political cant.

But, as times go, his use of cant is comparatively harmless. He does not whine or bleat. The element of a pretended assumption of goodness—of a fine benevolence or liberal enthusiasm—is absent. This may be found in another illustration of the word's meaning. Let us take a sentence from a telegram of the "Times'" correspondent at Washington regarding the same letter:—

"This is the war between autocracy and democracy, and any statesman who pleads for a compromise with autocracy forfeits the confidence of the American people."

When we remember our alliance with the Tsar—not such a great strain upon memory—and recall the flattery with which the "Times" beslobbered that "august monarch," it seems hardly possible for cant to go further. But it can.

In a leading article entitled "What is Ruin? And Who will be Ruined?" the "Daily Mail" also dealt with Lord Lansdowne's letter. Lord Lansdowne, it said, pictured the civilized world as being ruined by the prolongation of the war; but was he right in his forecast? it asks:—

"Who is being ruined by the war? Who is likely to be ruined by it? Certainly not the working man. He has never in the history of the world been better off than he is to-day in all the belligerent lands. Will he fare less well in the first decade of peace when the demand for labor and for goods will be on an unparalleled scale, and when we are far more likely to see one man for three jobs than three men for one job?"

In similar terms, and for similar reasons, the writer points to the blessings of prosperity which the prolongation of the war brings to the farmer, the manufacturer, and the capitalist. But, for brevity, let us keep to the blessings of the working man, who "has never in the history of the world been better off than he is to-day."

But what are these working men's blessings? Is it that there are fewer of them, and that as the supply is reduced the demand rises? That thereby there are not more jobs to go round, but there are fewer applicants for each? Some trades, indeed, provide even greater employment, and in war-time the refrain of the old song, "Another little job for the undertaker," more frequently cheers the coffin-maker's heart. War and plague have often been acclaimed as material benefactions to the poor, and it is not long since Professor Thorold Rogers argued that the Black Death, which destroyed the British working classes like poisoned cockroaches, was a blessing hardly disguised. There is a school which thinks the prosperity of one-half of the population could always be assured by killing the other half. And, indeed, though the doctrine is not cheering for the slaughtered half, there is something to be said for the idea. No such efficient Labor Bureau exists as death.

Never in the history of the world has the working man been better off than he is to-day in all the belligerent lands, says the "Daily Mail." Sir William Robertson tells us that nearly twenty-four millions are engaged in fighting. At least 90 per cent. of those millions were once working men. Does the "Daily Mail" include them among those who are better off to-day than any in the history of the world? Does it consider them exceptionally well off, continually exposed as they are to death and cruel wounds, to stupefying toil, to rain and sun and ice, to all the terrible duties of organized slaughter? Or does it regard those millions as already dead, or moribund, or "morituri," doomed to extinction in order that survivors may revel in the prosperity of three jobs for one? And does the "Daily Mail" suppose that working people, whom it considers better off to-day than at any time in history, have neither bellies to fill nor hearts to feel? Does it suppose that they enjoy standing in *queues* outside the provision shops with money for food which may be exhausted before their turn comes? Or that the working people enjoy being better off to-day than ever before in the world's history, when there is hardly a family but counts one dear relation dead; when there is hardly a mother but is haunted day and night by fear of the postman's knock; when there is hardly an unmarried girl or a young wife who can

think without anguish of the bloodstained lines? Amid all the sorrow and apprehension of the most terrible war in history, amid such tears and suffering and death as were never known to working people before, here is a paper which congratulates the working man upon being better off than ever.

Now such talk as this is a libel upon the working classes, who compose the enormous majority of civilized mankind; a brutal blow at their character and thoughts about life. War may be necessary, and men may have to die for national and noble causes. But we pray to be saved from cant like this. "It is no loss of honor to submit to the lion," said Swift, in the "Drapier's Letters," "but who, with the figure of a man, can think with patience of being devoured alive by a rat?"

## HOW IT STRIKES OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

### I.—THE OPEN HAND.

[From the "Morning Post" of April 1st, 1918.]

THIS evening, Lord Milner, on behalf of the Government, introduces to the House of Lords "The Scilly Islands Transportation and Expropriation Bill." The necessity of this measure ought to be obvious to every patriotic Englishman, and to every other individual who enjoys the privilege of British citizenship. Indeed, support or opposition to the measure, whether in the Lords or Commons, will eventually be a test of that patriotism. Roughly speaking, the Bill enables the Government to transport the entire population of the Scilly Islands, either to the mainland or to one of our distant colonies, where moderate compensation for their confiscated land and property will be suitably provided. For the infirm or incapable, a large and handsome tenement dwelling will be erected on the Land's End, and from the windows of the institution they will be able to view, weather permitting, the silhouette of their old home in the Western Atlantic. A resiliation of the lease of the Island of Tresco from the Smith-Dorrien family, who have hitherto held it as tenants of the Duchy of Cornwall, will be purchased for the not-too-extravagant sum of £1,500,000. The flower culture is, of course to be abolished; and the valuable mining concessions are to be taken over by Messrs. Wernher, Beit & Co., an historic firm with which Lord Milner, by a curious coincidence, has old and, we doubt not, affectionate associations. No one of Celtic or Cornish origin is to be employed in the indentured compounds. These will probably be colonized by Belgians or Serbians or Dyaks. Clause 69 of the Bill provides, we are glad to see, for a monument to the late Lord Roberts, bearing the inscription, his historic Kimberley telegram—"The mines are safe." For the Smith-Dorrien family there will be felt some sympathy impossible to extend to the plebeian population.

The record of the Scilly Islands or the Silurians, as the inhabitants significantly like to be called, has always been a blot on the history of our Empire. Celtic in origin and untouched by English civilization except for a brief moment at the Reformation, their early hostility to the interests of our ancestors and by implication to ourselves, is shown in their early adoption of the principles of Free Trade. In their traffic with the Phœnicians, in their unwholesome and effeminate appetite for foreign products, it is no exaggeration to say that they undermined the whole fiscal future of the Kingdom. All of us remember what Tyre and Sidon meant to God's chosen people. Few of us realize what they meant to our own nation. The Phœnicians were the Germans of the Mediterranean, and having exhausted the dumping grounds of their own littoral, they extended their sinister activities into the Atlantic, more particularly to this group of islands, known to the ancients as the Cassiterides. The wretched natives already enervated by a languid climate and dissatisfied with the homely woad, imported from the mainland, to which they owed allegiance, welcomed, as we know from Pliny, these insidious tradesmen from the East. Easy victims, they were persuaded to part with their valuable

tin, so indispensable to the defence of Britain, in exchange for the gaudy textiles of the Sidon looms. Anticipating the vile doctrines of Cobden and Bright, there is no evidence that the Phœnician merchants were even mulcted of the ordinary octroi and harbor dues exacted by their own kinsmen at Carthage. In short, it was Free Trade, naked and unashamed. The punishment was swift and sure. Barely a hundred years elapsed, and the Roman legions had landed on our shores! The tin which was required for the manufacture of shields had all been smelted away in making Tyrian cauldrons and Sidonian catapults. As a consequence, the unhappy defenders of our mainland had to put up with wicker substitutes, as we know from Cæsar's callous confessions. If documents are lacking, there is other and sufficient evidence in the whole degrading story that the Asquiths and Haldanes of the period, adamant where all their country's genuine needs were concerned, drugged the more patriotic subjects of Boadicea by childish proposals to abolish such venerable institutions as Human Sacrifice and the House of Druids. At least there is botanical, if not documentary, evidence that they endeavored to nationalize the mistletoe, and to disestablish the vested interests in woad, the cultivation of which has almost disappeared. If they showed some consideration for the Army, as we are ready to admit (considerable stores of arrow heads are still to be found in caverns), their gross neglect of the Navy is demonstrated by the almost entire absence of any fossil canoes in any strata later than the Pleistocene period. And we have little doubt that the Cassiterides was a nest of pro-Romans, pro-Phœnicians, and Conscientious Objectors. Had there been at that time one of the great turning points of our history, a predecessor of Lord Milner, the names of Cæsar or Rome might never have been heard even in the Scilly Islands.

The sentimentalists have already commenced their campaign of caterwauling about ruined fishermen, empty homes, deserted flower-beds, and the like; conveniently enough they have forgotten that the same flower-beds have proved the undoing of the Silurians, and very nearly of the whole country. On two separate occasions, natives have been detected giving flora, if not fauna to the German prisoners, in one of the concentration camps, located, unwisely, as we always thought, on one of the smaller islands. Here, we have an unpleasant echo of a disagreeable incident, alleged to have taken place at Donnington Hall in the earlier years of the war. To the Ramsay Macdonalds, Philip Morrells, E. D. Morels, Hogges, *et hoc genus omne* we make no appeal. Now that all their pro-German organs, such as the "Daily News," "The Nation," and "Labor Leader" have been suppressed, and the right of public meeting, except for encouraging the Coalition, has been suspended, there is little harm they can do outside the House of Commons. Their correspondence even, for inland postage, is censored, and their movements are shadowed by the agents of Sir Charles Matthews and Sir Edward Henry.

Our appeal—or let us be frank—our threat—is to members like Lord Hugh Cecil or Lord Henry Bentinck and his group of recalcitrant, and decadent Tories, who have evinced an unaccountable tolerance for the "open hand," the open hand of the enemy in our midst. Only a year ago, Lord Hugh was pleading for the Conscientious convicts, now working in the pest-haunted swamps of Nigeria. A sentimentalist by birth and predilection, and a dangerously near relative of Mr. Arthur Balfour, he has more than once betrayed what, in the present crisis of the country, is almost worse than the open hand—an open mind. We warn him that when the Bill comes up in the natural course for discussion in the House of Commons, any mawkish plea for the evicted Silurians will be worse than bad policy, it will be in bad taste. That the measure will pass the Lords without any serious amendments we are confident. Lord Milner stands for all that is best in Great Britain. He is the typical Englishman, the son of an Englishman, and the grandson of an Englishman; and if it possible to be more than that, he is the bulwark of Protection. Whatever socialistic doctrines he may have dallied with in youth, his principle has always been the

protection of the Empire. Except for him we should have lost South Africa, and except for his present proposed legislation we might have woken one morning (or our descendants a thousand years hence might have woken one morning) to learn that the Scilly Islands, the Cassiterides of antiquity, had passed irrevocably into German hands.

## Letters to the Editor.

### LORD LANSDOWNE'S LETTER.

[The following communications have been received in reply to a telegram addressed to various members of both Houses of Parliament, asking whether they generally approved Lord Lansdowne's letter.—ED., THE NATION.]

SIR,—In answer to your telegram, I beg to say that I have stated and am pleased to restate my approval of Lord Lansdowne's letter.

There may be details here and there which need to be explained or qualified; that must necessarily happen when anyone attempts to deal with so vast a subject; but these details do not affect the general principles which he enunciates.—Yours, &c.,

BUCKMASTER.

SIR,—I generally approve Lord Lansdowne's letter, especially that portion of it which refers to the security to be obtained by the establishment of a League of Nations with an authoritative tribunal and adequate sanction.—Yours, &c.,

PARMOOR.

SIR,—Lord Lansdowne was within his right in stating his views, and history may give judgment for him.—Yours, &c.,

GLADSTONE.

SIR,—I regard Lord Lansdowne's letter as a courageous and praiseworthy endeavor to authoritatively instruct German popular opinion, wholly misled by German militarist propaganda, as to our generally acknowledged war aims. Jingo attempts to suppress it are as mischievous as they are un-English.—Yours, &c.,

WEARDALE.

SIR,—I most heartily welcome Lord Lansdowne's letter. It points the way to international peace and away from such a settlement as would contain the seeds of future wars.—Yours, &c.,

BEAUCHAMP.

SIR,—With the exception of the reference to the "freedom of the seas," which I confess I do not understand, I approve of Lord Lansdowne's courageous letter.—Yours, &c.,

DENMAN.

SIR,—In reply to your telegram. Yes; I generally approve and agree with Lord Lansdowne's letter.—Yours, &c.,

RIBBLESDALE.

SIR,—You ask for my opinion as to Lord Lansdowne's letter. The essential point in that letter is to the aims stated. I am broadly in favour of those aims, while I am of opinion as to some of them, especially No. 4 as to the freedom of the seas, that there is an ambiguity in the formula, and that I am rather prepared to consider seriously any definite proposal when it is put forward, than to agree to some vague generality which may be used to cover wide and diverging conclusions.

I am strongly in favour of No. 5 for an international pact for the settlement of disputes by peaceful means. But I see great difficulties in reaching an adequate and permanent force which shall give effective sanction to that pact, and, in any case, I am of opinion that so long as the military and Imperialist spirit of Prussia controlling Germany and linked with a dependent Austro-Hungary remains unbroken, there is no chance for a successful and effective international pact.

I am in complete agreement with the statements in Nos. 1, 2, and 3, that we do not desire to annihilate Germany as a Great Power, nor to force upon her a form of government against her own desire, nor to continue a commercial war against her after peace is declared.

I think Lord Lansdowne is justified in saying that these broad principles have been accepted by most of the Allies.

Unfortunately, a powerful combination of politicians, not without support from the Prime Minister and from the legisla-

tion promoted by this Government, indicate a desire to imitate German Imperialism and aggressiveness by similar dispositions on our side.

The secret agreements published by the Leninist party at Petrograd show that the various Allied Powers were very ready to sell and divide the skin of the bear before they had killed it. Measures are being pushed forward under the pretext of war necessities which will fetter and corrupt trade for years, and as such may be used to promote an exclusive and Protectionist policy.

The Paris agreements, unfortunately agreed to while Mr. Asquith was Prime Minister, tended in the same direction, and, though I think the logic of events has made those agreements fade away from practical application, the spirit which hailed them and which is pre-eminently proclaimed in the "Morning Post," is waiting for a suitable opportunity to reaffirm and extend them. Meanwhile, under the pretext of war necessity, liberty of the Press, of speech, and of action is no longer bounded by law but by administrative "discretion," which often is singularly wanting in reasonableness. Parliament becomes an accessory by imposing disfranchisement on those to whom it had promised exemption from service to which they had a conscientious objection. Generally, the constitution is being more strained and even isolated than it was in our long war of the French Revolution.

But Lord Lansdowne was attacked, not so much because of his actual recommendations, which, as he says, reproduce official utterances by ourselves and by our Allies, but because his letter is said to be inopportune. It is difficult in time of war to determine exactly when it is a time to speak and when a time to keep silent. Certainly, I should not wish, nor do I think Lord Lansdowne would either, to encourage the enemy or to indicate a desire to end the war in any way that shall not secure the complete accomplishment of our vital aims. He refers to Mr. Asquith's memorable speech of "reparation and security." "Reparation," which in any case must fall short of full reparation for the wrongs done, will include as full a measure as possible for liberated Belgium and liberated Serbia. I agree with our sailors in demanding reparation for unoffending sailors and their families, and for the owners of merchant ships, neutral as well as belligerent, sunk without notice, contrary to the laws of war. Other cases of reparation might be given, but the list would be too long. I do not think when Lord Lansdowne declares what are his irreducible aims he can fairly be said to encourage the enemy. But the hot-headed excitement generated by the strain of war makes many people treat a calm reminder of what are our essential objects, as distinct from incidental aims, as signs of cowardice if not of treason.—Yours, &c.,

SHEFFIELD.

SIR,—In reply to your question I will endeavor briefly to reply.

I hold Lord Lansdowne in profound respect. He was a most efficient leader of the House of Lords during the many years in which I had the honor to act as one of the rank and file of the Opposition.

Lord Lansdowne makes it clear that he is considering how peace may be obtained. In this respect he stands outside. The majority at this time think of nothing but the conduct of the war to a victorious close. Are they taking a reasonable view of the situation, complicated as it is in the most extreme degree?

I will hazard this opinion.

I. We shall fight on until neither side can fight any longer.

II. The war will never be brought to a satisfactory close by mere force of arms.

III. I totally disbelieve in a policy of disarmament.

IV. Is it not time to say?—

How few think justly of the thinking few.

How many never think who think they do.—Yours, &c.,

BRASSEY.

SIR,—I am in strong agreement with what I take to be the main purpose of Lord Lansdowne's letter. I think the time has come for a re-statement of our terms of peace, making it clear that security for the world, not territorial aggrandisement or an economic boycott, is what the Allies are fighting for. Such a pronouncement must greatly accelerate the earnest and growing desire for peace in Germany. The senseless and vulgar outcry with which the letter has been received is painful evidence of weak nerves, and almost persuades me that we have lost that power of facing unpleasant facts which saved England a hundred years ago.—Yours, &c.,

RUSSELL.

SIR,—Lord Lansdowne's letter moved me more than anything I have read for some time, and caused me (like other people) to give a fresh consideration to the whole matter. But I must say that I am left finally opposed to what I take to be the main drift of his letter.—Yours, &c.,

OXON.

SIR,—I have no hesitation in declaring my sympathy with and general approval of Lord Lansdowne's courageous letter on the war, in view of my own public support and advocacy, since my return from Russia, of the main principles with which he deals. The most urgent need of the moment is an official re-statement of the Allies' War Aims, which should be governed by the principles of humanity, and not by expediency or selfish interests: and a definite declaration that we seek neither territorial conquests now nor economic domination after the war.—Yours, &c.,

ARTHUR HENDERSON.

SIR,—I fail to appreciate either the execration poured upon Lord Lansdowne's letter by former colleagues, or the antisatisfaction it is held to afford to the Central Powers, when carefully perused.—Yours, &c.,

SIR W. J. COLLINS.

SIR,—Yes; and I think that unless the Government will help the nation to face the fundamental questions which he discusses steadily and reasonably, they will be making a fatal mistake.—Yours, &c.,

F. D. ACLAND.

SIR,—Lord Lansdowne deserves great credit for the courageous action which he has taken. Personally, I rely more on disarmament than any "pacts" for the preservation of future peace.—Yours, &c.,

THOMAS LOUGH.

SIR,—Lord Lansdowne's letter is an appeal to the moderate section of the country first of all to face the actual problems of the war, and then to adopt a policy which will deal effectively with them. An attempt is being made in the Press to browbeat the nation, and to silence those who in their hearts welcome the publication of the letter. Faced with a long continued war, which would leave us in the end in a much worse condition than we are to-day, the letter ought to give courage and determination to those who see in it a wise statesmanship to inaugurate a movement embodying both the spirit and the policy to which Lord Lansdowne has given voice.—Yours, &c.,

J. RAMSAY MACDONALD.

SIR,—Believing in war for security, I think we should seek the best expert opinion as to the kind of settlement which will be secure. Lord Lansdowne's experience and success in diplomacy being unrivalled, it would be absurd to distrust his judgment.—Yours, &c.,

NOEL BUXTON.

SIR,—I entirely approve Lord Lansdowne's letter. It offers an alternative policy to the futile line of the Government, which is "fight on till our enemies surrender unconditionally," a policy being pursued regardless of our own losses and the danger to civilisation.—Yours, &c.,

J. KING.

SIR,—Lord Lansdowne's letter will gradually produce the great cleavage in opinion between those who desire a lasting settlement in the national interest, as well as in the interest of international peace and civilisation, and those who in their passion for triumph and revenge still look forward to the "knock-out blow." Lord Lansdowne is the statesman of whom this country and the world are in need of at this moment.—Yours, &c.,

ARTHUR PONSONBY.

SIR,—Lord Lansdowne's letter has expressed what thousands, including myself, have been feeling for some time. A definite statement of War Aims and disclaimer of the aims the Germans are attempting to fasten on us, and especially a frank acceptance of a League of Nations to include the enemy, if and when they will come in, would be an antidote to the venom in the German propaganda, and give the peace party in Germany a chance to be heard. By so doing it would appreciably brighten the prospects of peace, and make easier one of the right kind.—Yours, &c.,

H. G. CHANCELLOR.

SIR,—My answer to your wire is in the affirmative.—Yours, &c.,

WM. CLOUGH.

SIR,—I think Lansdowne's letter inopportune.—Yours, &c.,

SIR ARCHIBALD WILLIAMSON.

SIR,—My considered opinion is that Lansdowne's letter is the most courageous and sensible pronouncement made by any public man during the war. It is essentially humane, statesmanlike, and pro-British.—Yours, &c.,

SIR WALTER RUNCIMAN.



SIR.—Yes, certainly. I generally approve Lansdowne's letter and believe it has led to an offer of von Kühlmann to convey the German War Aims to the Allies, if requested. I am asking the Prime Minister to take steps to find these out.—Yours, &c.,

D. M. MASON.

SIR.—I am profoundly thankful for Lord Lansdowne's letter.—Yours, &c.,

SIR JOHN BARLOW.

SIR.—Lord Lansdowne's letter was refused publication by the "Times"—so they tell us—"in accordance with their practice," because they believed it to reflect "no responsible phase of British opinion." It was not only, according to the "Times," a foolish and mischievous letter, but it was the letter of a man of 72 whose arguments were weak and illogical, and who could no longer be regarded as a responsible politician.

For a production so ill-judged, from so discredited a source, this letter seems already to have had a rather remarkable influence. It has been read, and discussed, and considered with a persistence that must make Lord Northcliffe ask himself whether it might not, after all, have been as well, however much he disagreed with it, to allow it to appear in his columns. But Lord Lansdowne's letter has qualities which Lord Northcliffe and the little clique of pressmen profiteers and self-seeking politicians who now control our destinies, could not possibly appreciate or understand. It is an honest and courageous letter. It is the letter of a man of cool and independent judgment who makes his appeal not to the prejudices of the moment, but to reason and good sense.

It is not surprising that our "patriots," being unable to answer him effectively, should try to suppress him and shout him down. That is "in accordance with their practice." But it may perhaps turn out that the Lansdowne letter reflects a larger and more responsible phase of British opinion than Lord Northcliffe and his friends suppose.—Yours, &c.,

PHILIP MORRELL.

SIR.—Lord Lansdowne's letter covers so very much, and is in parts so loosely expressed that it is capable of different interpretations.

In reply to your inquiry, I can only say that if the letter suggests that the time is now ripe for a peace by negotiation, or that we ought to be content with any inadequate measures of reparation by Germany for the wrongs she has committed, I consider it both ill-timed and deplorable.

But Lord Lansdowne's insistence upon future international security as our main object in this war, and on a League of Nations as the best means of achieving it, has my complete agreement. Germany made the war for the furtherance of annexationist aims, and her acceptance of the principle of a League of Nations, coupled with reparation for her crimes, will be proof that these aims are abandoned.

I also agree with Lord Lansdowne on the importance of a fuller definition of our war aims. Hitherto these have been expressed in general terms. To declare what these terms mean by a reference to concrete cases, and to set up without delay the machinery that will carry them into effect, is the best way that the Allies can demonstrate to the world their own honesty and disinterestedness.—Yours, &c.,

DAVID DAVIES.

SIR.—I think Lord Lansdowne's letter most unfortunate, not so much on account of what it actually says as on account of the effect which it was bound to produce, and which it has, in fact, produced in this country, among our Allies, and in the camps of our enemies. There is no doubt that it has greatly encouraged the Germans, who see in it the first symptom, as they believe, of the weakening of our determination to prosecute the war till we can obtain a conclusive peace, of our yielding to the stress of adverse circumstances, of our recognition of their superiority in the field of action, and of our growing readiness to accept such terms as they may be prepared to offer. At the same time, it has, speaking generally, in my belief, discouraged in no small measure not only our own countrymen but also our Allies.

I look upon the letter as published at a most inopportune time.

No doubt it is well that the Germans should be told, if they do not already know, that we are not so entirely foolish as to seek to annihilate them and their country; that we do not wish to impose upon them a Government not of their choosing, or to shut them out after the conclusion of peace from the trade of the world. But these are negative propositions only. We must, surely, be more specific than this if we are to state our war aims. There is, for instance, the unqualified restoration of the independence of Belgium, and such compensation as can be

obtained for the outrages which she has been made to suffer. Lord Lansdowne, it is true, makes some mention of this, but there are other things which must be added, viz: similar restoration and compensation in the case of Serbia; the restitution to France of her lost provinces; and the cession to Italy of "Italia Irredenta," together with that military frontier which she ought to have had years ago. I will content myself with these four postulates—though not forgetting the imperative reconstitution of Poland—and say nothing of the many other questions which will present themselves when the terms of peace are under consideration. Would Germany be prepared to consider the four demands I have specified?—at a time when she still occupies Belgium and a large portion of France; when she has made a victorious inroad into Italy; when Russia has entirely collapsed and may in the future be rather a benefit than a danger to her; and when she is still sinking our ships faster than we can build them.—Yours, &c.,

GEORGE GREENWOOD.

SIR.—I have never believed that the British people would contemplate peace as long as they thought Germany was "on top." The Peace of Utrecht, of Paris, and after the Crimean War, were durable, though their terms were denounced by large sections of the community, because they were made with a defeated enemy. The Peace of Amiens and the "Majuba Settlement" failed because it was thought that they were made with a triumphant enemy. I am not sanguine therefore as to the immediate results of Lord Lansdowne's letter, but its publication will stimulate people both in this country and in Germany to re-state war-aims in a reasonable spirit, and thus gradually create a new atmosphere." Up to now the militarists have had it all their own way. They have exploited the traditional British bull-dog spirit against peace, by studiously exaggerating the German victories and minimising our own remarkable achievements. Tirpitz in his own country pursues the same methods by over-rating British and under-rating German achievements. Lord Lansdowne's letter will help us to take a sane estimate of these matters. Especially valuable is his declaration in favor of a League of Nations, with practical suggestions how to enforce its decisions, and his repudiation of the Paris Resolutions with their crude attempt (worthy of Mr. Hughes of Australia) to perpetuate a commercial war with the Central Powers after the war. It is a hopeful sign that the experience which we have had of Protection during the war is driving intellectual Unionists like Lord Lansdowne and Lord Parmoor into the Free Trade camp.—Yours, &c.,

W. LLEWELYN WILLIAMS.

SIR.—I heartily welcome and endorse Lord Lansdowne's letter. It is a courageous act, and, in my judgment, sound statesmanship. I hope it will be responded to by the rank and file in particular.—Yours, &c.,

TOM RICHARDSON.

SIR.—Three months ago I said in THE NATION that I desired that our Government should more closely define its war aims. I still think so, and in view of what has happened in Russia, it seems to me of increasing urgency; but I regret greatly that Lord Lansdowne in making this point has managed, perhaps unintentionally, to give people the impression that the winning of the war is not, in his opinion, a vital necessity.—Yours, &c.,

ANEURIN WILLIAMS.

SIR.—I welcome Lord Lansdowne's letter as an eleventh hour appeal to reason. "Peace by the New Year" is a message of deliverance for our soldiers, though it will cause the profiteers to blaspheme.—Yours, &c.,

R. L. OUTHWAITE.

SIR.—Unless we determine to use our best brain power in the prosecution of the war, and cease that bungling and muddling so effectively exposed and strongly denounced by the Prime Minister in Paris, then I am on the side of Lord Lansdowne.—Yours, &c.,

GEORGE LAMBERT.

SIR.—As one who has from August, 1914, to the present moment heartily supported the war, I regard Lord Lansdowne's letter as a sane, patriotic, and much-needed reminder of the high ideals with which we entered the war, and for which, I believe, we must continue to fight until they can be realised. I should very much regret if this letter, by misadventure, became the special property of those who have always opposed the war or should continue to be the target of misrepresentation and abuse for those who, by the wildness of their words and aims, are, in fact, prolonging the resistance of our enemies.—Yours, &c.,

GERALD FRANCE.

SIR,—Of course I agree with the proposals contained in Lord Lansdowne's letter. In my opinion, only people who do not understand and are deceived by reckless gamblers with the life of the nation can possibly disagree with them.—Yours, &c.,

F. W. JOWETT.

SIR,—Although I would have preferred Lord Lansdowne to have given greater prominence to general disarmament and the effective democratisation of Germany. I consider his letter eminently opportune, courageous and statesmanlike. Especially I welcome his vigorous repudiation of the policy of the Paris Conference. German democracy cannot readily subvert Prussian militarism until it is assured of permanent economic peace.—Yours, &c.,

EDWARD T. JOHN.

SIR,—Lord Lansdowne's letter is a political event of first importance. The foaming at the mouth on the part of the hysterical press is only a testimony of its importance. They find it difficult to represent him as a pro-German, a traitor, the friend of every country but his own, so he is held up as an old broken man who, having lost his nerve and being completely out of touch with his colleagues, desires to hoist the white flag and consent to a German peace.

Only passion and unreason could breed this journalistic moonshine. Lord Lansdowne, it is plain from his letter, has not the remotest intention of accepting a Prussian peace. He is no sentimental visionary shutting his eyes to hard facts. His cold, clear mind has grasped that statesmanship should come to the aid of the soldiers who otherwise will merely batter each other to bits and smash down civilisation in the process—without necessarily obtaining at the end of it all the slightest guarantee of a secure and honorable peace.

It is urged against Lord Lansdowne's letter that it will divide the nation. At any rate the division will be between moderate and sober people who think that sanity and wise judgment are essential to a just peace, and those who, living for most part themselves in personal security and comfort, block any and every approach to peace, believing apparently that the war and its vast political problems can be settled satisfactorily if left to passion, blind rage, and the guns.

That is the issue, as I see it.

Difficult forces are drawing to a head,—great industrial and political forces. I speak of what I know. Let these forces, maddened by the incompetence of rulers, by strain and suffering, by profiteering and glaring social contrasts, bitten by the sharp tooth of hunger, once get out of hand, and rulers will understand, perhaps too late, to what a sorry pass they have brought their country.

Lord Lansdowne's letter is an opening not to a shameful and dishonoring peace but to such a settlement as may save Europe from destruction and the nations from economic and social chaos, and guard humanity, as far as may be possible, against a repetition of this appalling crime.—Yours, &c.,

W. C. ANDERSON.

SIR,—I am of opinion that Lord Lansdowne's letter in so far as it gives expression to the real war aims of this country will greatly strengthen the hands of those who, in Germany, are so strenuously fighting for Parliamentary control.—Yours, &c.,

ELLIS DAVIES.

SIR,—Amongst men who are not carried away by the passions engendered by war, and who are not entirely absorbed by the present, but look to the future, the letter of Lord Lansdowne is, I believe, a great and growing influence.

A reasoned and frank statement of the difficulties and dangers of both the present hour, and of the problems we shall have to solve after the war, is, from my point of view, a most valuable and thought-provoking contribution to the consideration of this great world crisis. We need to reflect upon this crisis in every aspect, and not solely from the militarist point of view. The political side appears to me not to receive the attention that ought to be given to it. After all, our ultimate aim is political, and therefore when we see the use the German military party is making of the cry, that "the object of the Allies is to destroy the German people and their future," we should support Lord Lansdowne's plea that a clear statement should be made of our war aims, especially on this point. The hectacomb of young life going on daily before our eyes, and the speed at which Europe is "rattling back to barbarism," should silence mere negative assertion, and cause everybody to give a thoughtful hearing to Lord Lansdowne.—Yours, &c.,

HARRY NUTTALL.

SIR,—About no letter that has ever been written has more hysterical nonsense been talked. On the one hand, Pacifists

see in it the inauguration of a new heaven on earth, and the wolf lying down with the lamb; on the other hand, the Jingoes see in it, the hoisting of the white flag and a surrender to the enemy.

The trouble is that very few persons have read the original letter. Garbled extracts have appeared in most papers; the full letter in few. Writing as I am at the present moment in the House of Commons, although I have made diligent search to get a copy of the full letter to quote from, I have not been able to find any papers in the building containing it, which is significant of the whole position. Most of the critics quite ignore the fact that the letter opens with an affirmation of the necessity of defeating the enemy in the field. The letter, as I interpret it, then proceeds to set out our objectives, very much in the spirit of President Wilson's declaration of war. In so far as the letter makes us take our stand alongside America in war aims, I am sure it is all to the good; it will stimulate the nation and help to secure a lasting victory and a permanent peace.—Yours, &c.

PERCY A. HARRIS.

SIR,—I regard Lord Lansdowne's letter as entirely uncalled for. No doubt he wishes to create such an effect as was produced by Lord Rosebery's Chesterfield speech in the midst of another war. I regard the letter as one which entitles Lord Lansdowne to the thanks of every true-hearted German, Austrian, Turk, and Bulgarian.—Yours, &c.,

R. L. HARMSWORTH.

SIR,—Mr. Asquith's definition of war aims cannot be bettered. Lord Lansdowne's interference is purely mischievous.—Yours, &c.

CATHCART WASON.

SIR,—Replying to your telegram of to-day, I generally approve of the Lansdowne letter.—Yours, &c.,

HENRY A. WATT.

SIR,—While approving of much that is in Lord Lansdowne's letter, I find it quite impossible to approve of it as a whole, and I greatly regret its publication.—Yours, &c.,

EDWARD G. HEMMERDE.

SIR,—I certainly approve generally the letter referred to in your telegram.—Yours &c.,

SIR ERNEST LAMB.

SIR,—The value of Lord Lansdowne's letter, in my opinion, lies in the encouragement it will give to the large number of people who were waiting for some authoritative lead for a statement of reasonable peace terms. The suggestions made by Lord Lansdowne are such as these reasonably-minded people may agree upon and press forward.—Yours, &c.,

PHILIP SNOWDEN.

SIR,—I welcome Lord Lansdowne's wise, statesmanlike letter. Its critics do not appear to understand its meaning or its purpose.—Yours, &c.,

SYDNEY ARNOLD.

#### A LESSON FROM REHOBOAM.

SIR,—From much that is appearing in certain newspapers one would imagine that Lord Lansdowne must be well over ninety, instead of seventy-two years of age, and also that the wisdom was the monopoly of youth.

I wonder if it would be of any use to ask these critics to turn to the short record of the reign of Rehoboam, and ponder for a moment over the disaster which fell upon his country when he "forsook the counsel of the old men which they had given him, and took counsel with the young men."—Yours, &c.,

GERTRUDE BAYLEY.

#### PONTIFICATE OF PIUS IX.

SIR,—I am a very constant reader of THE NATION, and, as such, I remark and endorse your frequent reproofs of rash and unauthorised statements. In your review of "The Letters of Newman," I note a very positive statement, "the odious pontificate of Pius IX."

As a Catholic, who knows something of the history of his Church, I ask why "odious"?—Yours, &c.,

FRANCIS WELLESLEY.

[We presume that the writer's reference was to the proclamation of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, and to the issue of the Syllabus.—ED., THE NATION.]

## MESSRS. DENT'S NEW BOOKS

### AN ILLUSTRATED EDITION OF PEBBLES ON THE SHORE

By "ALPHA OF THE PLOUGH." With 90 Illustrations by C. E. BROCK.  
Uniform with Brock's Illustrated Edition of Lamb's Essays. Price 4s. 6d. net.

### TWENTY-TWO GOBLINS

A MAGNIFICENT COLOUR GIFT-BOOK FOR CHILDREN AND OTHERS.  
Folk-tales translated from the Sanskrit by ARTHUR W. RYDER, with 20 beautiful  
Coloured Plates from drawings by Perham W. Nahl. Fcap. 4to, cloth, 7s. 6d. net.

#### THE BLESSED BIRTHDAY

By FLORENCE CONVERSE. 2s. 6d. net.  
A beautiful dramatic story of the Child Jesus, cast into  
the form of a mystery play. With 3 Coloured Plates.

#### THE POST OF HONOUR

By RICHARD WILSON. 2s. net.  
Stories of Heroes of the War on land, on sea, and in  
the air, simply told for Children. With 2 Coloured Plates.

### JOSEPH CONRAD'S FAMOUS NOVELS

Uniform Edition. Cloth, 5s. net.

YOUTH and other Stories. With a *New Preface* by the Author.

LORD JIM (*New Preface*)  
THE SHADOW LINE

TWIXT LAND AND SEA  
WITHIN THE TIDES

Ready Shortly: NOSTROMO. *New Preface* by the Author.

### EVERYMAN'S LIBRARY

New Volumes. Cloth. Price 1s. 6d. net per vol. Leather 3s.

No. 734. ANCIENT LAW. By Sir H. MAINE. With an Introduction by Prof. J. H. MORGAN.

Nos. 735 & 736. MEMOIRS OF CARDINAL DE RETZ. Introduction by DAVID OGG.

Nos. 737 & 738. HISTORY OF FRANCE. By VICTOR DURUY. Introduction by RICHARD WILSON, D.Litt.

No. 739. SELECTED PAPERS ON PHILOSOPHY. By WILLIAM JAMES. Introduction by  
Prof. C. M. BAKEWELL, of Yale. A unique Anthology from the works of the great philosopher.

No. 740. TARAS BULBA and Other Tales. By NICOLAI V. GOGOL.

E. RICHARD CROSS. A Biography by Marion Wilkinson. With Appreciations by Three Friends  
and Twelve Selected Papers and Addresses by E. R. CROSS. Ready Shortly. Cr. 8vo, Cloth, 5s. net.

### WAYFARER'S LIBRARY

New Volumes. Cloth. Price 1s. 3d. net per vol.

No. 90. ELEANOR. By Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD. A story of English people in Italy.

No. 95. JANEY CANUCK IN THE WEST. By EMILY FERGUSON. Sketches of Canadian Life.

No. 96. THE SHADOWY THIRD. By H. A. VACHELL. A domestic story.

No. 97. THE SAINT. By ANTONIO FOGAZZARO. A study of romance and religion.

No. 98. THE MINISTER OF STATE. By JOHN A. STEUART. A tale of love and ambition.

#### ITALY AT WAR

By HERBERT VIVIAN. Fully Illustrated, 6s. net.  
A vivid picture of Italian fighting and endurance.

#### WE OF ITALY

By Mrs. K. R. STEEGE. Cloth. 4s. 6d. net.  
Letters from Italian soldiers to their loved ones at home.

UNDER FIRE. "THE SUPREME NOVEL OF THE WAR." Translated from the French of Henri Barbusse.  
Cloth, 5s. net.

TOLSTOY'S DIARIES. Authoritative Edition of the first of four volumes, entitled, YOUTH—VOLUME I.  
(1847-52). With Preface by Dr. C. T. Hagberg Wright. Portraits in Photogravure. Cloth, 5s. net.

HUMAN IMMORTALITY. By WILLIAM JAMES. Cloth, 1s. net. A reprint of the famous Lecture at  
Harvard, with the Author's reply to his critics.

ON THE WINGS OF THE MORNING. By ARTHUR GRANT. Author of "Rambles in Arcadia," etc.  
Essays of a Literary Tramp on pedestrian journeys in various parts. Cloth, 4s. 6d. net.

A COMPLETE SYSTEM OF NURSING. By A. MILLICENT ASHDOWN, Guy's Hospital. With 400  
Diagrams and Illustrations. 700 pp., Demy 8vo, 10s. 6d. net. A book whose contents are summed up in the title.

### THE IMPERIAL STUDIES SERIES

Edited by A. P. NEWTON, M.A., D.Lit., B.Sc.

Vol. I.—THE OLD EMPIRE AND THE NEW. By Dr. A. P. NEWTON. Ready.

Vol. II.—THE EXPLOITATION OF PLANTS. By Various Writers. Edited by Professor W. OLIVER, F.R.S.

Vol. III.—THE STAPLE TRADES OF THE EMPIRE. By Various Authorities. Edited by Dr. A. P. NEWTON.  
Each 2s. 6d. net. Vols. II. and III. Ready shortly.

A PLEA FOR THE UNBIASSED INVESTIGATION OF CHRISTIAN SCIENCE. By C. H.  
LEA. Second and Revised Edition. Cr. 8vo, 1s. net. Cloth, 2s. net.

Please send for Dent's Christmas List, Everyman List, and Wayfarer List, to  
55, ALDINE HOUSE, BEDFORD STREET, W.C. 2



## The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "Moments of Vision: and Miscellaneous Verses." By Thomas Hardy. (Macmillan. 6s. net.)
- "The Complete Despatches of Lord French, 1914-1916." (Chapman & Hall. 21s. net.)
- "What Is and What Might Be." A Study of Education in General and Elementary Education in Particular. By Edmond Holmes. (Constable. 1s. 6d. net.)
- "A Diplomatic Diary." By Hugh Gibson. (Hodder & Stoughton. 7s. 6d. net.)
- "Some Hawarden Letters, 1878-1913." Chosen and arranged by Lisle March-Phillips and Bertram Christian. (Nisbet. 15s. net.)
- "Visions and Vignettes of War." By Maurice Ponsoby. (Longmans. 2s. 6d. net.)
- "The Threshold of Quiet." By Daniel Corkery. (The Talbot Press and Fisher Unwin. 6s. net.)
- "The Historical Night's Entertainment." By Rafael Sabatini. (Secker. 6s. net.)

\* \* \*

HAVE you ever been stranded in a Welsh temperance hotel in cold, wet weather, where the tables are of marble and cast-iron, where the only decorations are the tin advertisements of chemical drinks, where everybody wears black, and there is nothing to read but the literature left by the serious who fear for the immortal souls of commercial travellers? The railway station is miles away in the wind and weather, and there is no train till to-morrow afternoon. Life seems very long then.

\* \* \*

It is all very well to say that one's own thoughts should be good enough to suffice when one is lonely. They are more than sufficient at times. They may be a little too much for us. There are days now when in loneliness memory returns to things seen in France, to the comments of the wise and inexperienced at home on what they have never witnessed and cannot know; and the insistent dread that what we remember still goes on, continues into appalling infinity, is worse in loneliness than if a man should try to escape from his shadow which follows him; for our shadow is before us, and we cannot turn to any light which will overcome it. "Lonely!" once exclaimed Thoreau. "Why should I feel lonely? Is not our planet in the Milky Way?"

\* \* \*

It is. Walden Pond, tranquil and profound, at that time reflected the brightness of its near heavenly company. The thoughts of the solitary philosopher were stellar. For solitude is not loneliness. Thoreau was free to choose his stars. He went to Walden, indeed, that he might see them better through a clearer and less troubled air. Why should he feel lonely? His solitude was prismatic and populous. His prospect went beyond the rim of the world. There were no bounds to his thoughts, which might go hunting with Orion at midnight, if they wished.

\* \* \*

No silent Black Dog sat by his logs after dark, and followed his heels when he went to bed, and sat by him there, sleepless and vigilant. Have you ever met a prisoner returned from confinement in Germany? I met a man one day when he landed again in England, and he declared that his mind felt as giddy as a child's air balloon in a wind. He had been nearly two years in a prison camp. He was afraid the thin thread would break by which he held his now free mind, and that he would blow away. He was nervous about talking of anything in case he should let go, or the thread snap. He told me afterwards that he had been fairly well treated, but that confinement, and the baffling, artificially created darkness of ignorance about him, against which his thoughts beat in efforts to get at the light, were likely at first to have the sort of result you can guess; but that he got hold of a Russian Grammar, and shut out everything with that. That released him at last into a new country, which enlarged as he went on. The grammar saved him.

I am reminded of this by a booklet which has just come to me, "Student Captives." Now that it is easy, and even helpful, to abuse anything which is Government, here is a chance to say a good word where all can chime in. Mr. Alfred T. Davies, of the Board of Education, and Honorary Director of the British Prisoners of War Book Scheme, has an address we should all note. His office is the Victoria and Albert Museum, London, S.W.7. His principal business, he tells us, at this season of the year, is saving British prisoners of war from foundering in melancholy and despair. He wants gifts of money—he sets a most modest limit, as war expenditure goes, of £5,000 at once; and he wants gifts of books, though he asks that we first send him lists of the books we propose to give; and he demands plenty of publicity for his work and its needs, and he requires us to tell prisoners, if we have any need to write to, that if they would like to have any book on any subject, then they have only to ask for it. It is clear Mr. Davis ought to have all these things as soon as he speaks.

\* \* \*

ROBINSON CRUSOE had a sunny and latitudinous time of it, compared with a prisoner of war. Juan Fernandez was a new world for the mind to adventure in. And, chiefly, the castaway was forced to obtain a material, on an uninhabited island, to sew up into breeks; two dilemmas likely to keep any man from brooding. Things being as we know them, we are bound to confess Crusoe was very like a fool to be so anxious to leave his island. Look at what he wanted to come back to! He does not appear to have considered that. There was no urgent need for him to argue with his wild goats. He could see for himself they let him have his own way about it. They ran when they saw him. They did not follow him daily over the island with their views on the high destiny of goats, on the holy war against the sheep who continued to eat the grass, but had been designed hornless for their sins and the goats' salvation; they did not speculate aloud on Pan, the only true god. His parrot was a true believer; it could only repeat what he taught it. His thoughts were fancy free (just like Thoreau's on starry nights) while working upon his new trousers in a place where he need not bother about even them, if he chose. What more did he want? He would have known what thoughts could really be, at the worst, in a concreted compound behind a high barricade of rusty barbed wire, with nothing to do but to watch the man with a gun on the other side of the wire. We ourselves have had our periods of extreme isolation, in a selection of odd corners of the earth; but the idea of the hapless prisoner of war, without a claim, without a book, without an interest but to get out, and without a period to it all, is enough, when only looked at as an idea, to make one understudy a desolated hound on a moonlight night. So it is with relief one learns that 43,000 books for study have already been sent to camps in enemy and neutral countries, during the first nine months of this year. The requests continue to flow in, we are told, and they increase now the prisoners learn they will get what they ask for. I was surprised once to find a man studying a book on navigation—he was a trench mortar officer—in a dug-out in France; he knew nothing about the sea. He told me he sent for that book because it seemed so remote in a publisher's list from "flying-pigs" and "toffee-apples." I think I understand him.

\* \* \*

BUT one would rather like to have a portrait of the rare fellow who studies Bride Cake Decoration, as the booklet tells us, in a prison camp. The man who asked for a manual on Blasting is nearer the earth. In fact, the lists of books these prisoners pray for is more interesting than any ordinary library catalogue. One man pleads for Select Documents of Henry VIII.; the next is more interested in Sewage Disposal. Someone asks for Bagpipe Music; and others for Urdu Poetry; Ju-Jitsu; Law of Mortgages; Diseases of Cattle; Chess Praxis; Ship's Catering; Military History; Poster Designing. Germany seems to have a representative collection of us locked-up. One wise prisoner sent for Fraser's "Golden Bough." We hope he got it. He, at least, is safe to the end of the war, though it should come near measuring the period of that war without end which some robust minds at home look to with courage.

H. M. T.







## CHAPMAN & HALL'S LATEST LIST

### THE BOOK OF THE MOMENT

A Thoroughly Honest Picture of Contemporary Russian Life and Politics

### ACTIONS AND REACTIONS IN RUSSIA

By R. SCOTLAND LIDDELL,

Special Correspondent with the Russian Army, and Author of "The Track of the War."

With Illustrations. Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.

"Mr. Liddell has been everywhere in Russia and seen everything."—ARMY AND NAVY GAZETTE.

"Explains many of those things that were otherwise incomprehensible."—GLASGOW HERALD.

"Packed with character sketches."—PALL MALL GAZETTE.

### THOMAS WOOLNER, R.A., Sculptor and Poet. His Life in Letters

By His Daughter, AMY WOOLNER

With 64 Illustrations and Portraits. Demy 8vo. 18s. net.

### LAST WORDS ON GREAT ISSUES

By J. BEATTIE CROZIER, LL.D., M.B.,

Author of "Religions of the Future," "The Wheel of Wealth," "Sociology Applied to Practical Politics," etc.

Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.

"The most accomplished master of irony since Swift."—LIVERPOOL POST.

AN EXQUISITE BOOK OF POEMS BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CITY OF BEAUTIFUL NONSENSE." Square Crown 8vo. With a Portrait. 3s. 6d. net.

### SUMMER, 1917

By E. TEMPLE THURSTON

"There is a new way to the stars, you, who would wander!  
You, who would make the world your very own.  
Give all, as the earth gives! The heart cannot squander.  
All that the fields bring forth, in the fields was sown."

### THE GREATEST BOOK OF THE WAR THE COMPLETE DESPATCHES OF LORD FRENCH

Including the Names of all those specially mentioned.

With Maps, Portraits, and Pages for Notes, etc.

Beautifully Printed. Royal 8vo. 624 pages. Price 21s. net.

Edition limited to 500 copies.

### A BRILLIANT LIST OF FICTION

#### Come In

By ETHEL COLBURN MAYNE, Author of "One of our Grandmothers," etc. Crown 8vo. 6s. net.

#### The Triumph of John Kars

A Story of the Yukon. By RIDGWELL CULLUM, Author of "The Night Riders," "The Way of the Strong," "The Purchase Price," etc. Crown 8vo. 6s. net.

#### Love and Hatred

By Mrs. BELLOC-LOWNDES, Author of "Good Old Anna," "The Chink in the Armour," "The Heart of Penelope," etc. Crown 8vo. 6s. net.

#### Over the Hill

By E. TEMPLE THURSTON, Author of "The City of Beautiful Nonsense," "The Greatest Wish in the World," "Silly Bishop," etc. Crown 8vo. 6s. net. [Third Edition in the Press.]

#### Five - and - Twenty Turkeys and other Good Cheer

By J. J. BELL, Author of "Wee Macgregor," "Kiddies," "Oh! Christina!" Crown 8vo. 5s. net.

#### The Eyes of a Child

By EDWIN PUGH, Author of "Punch and Judy," "Tony Drum," "The Quick and the Dead." Crown 8vo. 6s. net. [Second Edition.]

#### Souls in the Making

By EVELYN BRANSCOMBE PETER, Author of "Miss Volanty's Disclosure," "Scope," etc. Crown 8vo. 6s. net.

#### The Gipsy King

By MAY WYNNE, Author of "Henry of Navarre," "Foes of Freedom," "The Regent's Gift." Crown 8vo. 6s. net.

#### The High Heart

By BASIL KING, Author of "The Side of the Angels," "The Way Home." Crown 8vo. 6s. net. [Second Edition.]

LONDON: CHAPMAN & HALL, LTD.

## HODDER & STOUGHTON

### THE GERMAN TERROR IN FRANCE.

By ARNOLD J. TOYNBEE,

Late Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford.

This is a companion volume to "The German Terror in Belgium," and contains the treatment meted out to the civil population in the country overrun by the German Armies. Full references are given to the sources in the footnotes, and summaries are included of first-hand evidences taken from the French and Belgian Commissions.

With Maps and many Illustrations. 240 pp. 1s. net. Postage 4d. extra.

### THE GERMAN TERROR IN BELGIUM.

By ARNOLD J. TOYNBEE.

"Is a contribution to War literature which in a small compass is probably the most terrible indictment of German methods of waging war yet put within book covers."—Daily Telegraph.

With Maps and Illustrations. 1s. net. Postage 4d. extra.

### MESOPOTAMIA: THE KEY TO THE FUTURE.

By Canon J. T. PARFIT.

PART I.—ITS ANCIENT GLORIES.

PART II.—ITS DREARY DESOLATION.

PART III.—ITS FUTURE PROSPECTS.

Sewed. With Maps. Sixpence net. Postage Twopence.

### THE COMING VICTORY.

A SPEECH MADE BY GENERAL SMUTS.

One Penny. Twopence, post free.

### WHY THE WAR MUST GO ON.

Sewed. One Penny. Twopence post free.

### FACT AND FICTION.

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE'S Statement on SHIPPING and FOOD SUPPLIES.

Sewed. One Penny. Twopence post free.

**HODDER & STOUGHTON**  
INVITE ALL READERS OF  
THEIR BOOKS TO BUY  
NATIONAL WAR BONDS

### TURKEY: A PAST AND A FUTURE.

Reprinted, with additions and Maps, from "The Round Table."

PART I.—THE PAST.

PART II.—THE PRESENT.

PART III.—THE FUTURE.

Sewed. Sixpence. Postage Threepence extra.

### HOW THE ENGLISH TAKE THE WAR.

By WILLIAM HARD.

Reprinted from "The Metropolitan," New York. Twopence. Threepence post free.

### THE VISTA OF VICTORY.

By BASIL MATHEWS.

Sewed. One Penny. Twopence post free.

### SOME NAVAL YARNS.

By MORDAUNT HALL. With a Preface by LADY BEATTY.

With Illustrations. Sixpence net. Eightpence post free.

### UNEMPLOYMENT IN BELGIUM DURING THE GERMAN OCCUPATION, AND ITS GENERAL CAUSES.

By FERNAND PASSELECQ, Director of the "Bureau Documentaire Belge" at Le Havre, and Barrister at the Court of Appeal, Brussels.

Sewed. One Shilling net. Postage, Threepence extra.

HODDER & STOUGHTON, AT ST. PAUL'S HOUSE,  
WARWICK SQUARE, E.C. 4.

## Reviews.

### LIFE AND LETTERS OF STOPFORD BROOKE.

"Life and Letters of Stopford Brooke." By L. P. JACKS.  
2 vols. (Murray. 15s.)

AFTER all, let rival philosophies and systems contend as they may, the year of a man's birth controls his destiny. Given a young creature born into this Western World with the hungry imagination of a poet, with a mind quickly receptive, and alive to all the "starry influences" and with a turn for preaching to his fellow-men—why then, we have but to be informed as to precisely when he was born to be able to give two or three shrewd alternative guesses as to the lands he is "to travel in" and the death he is "to dee."

The man known to so many as "Stopford Brooke" was born on November 14th, 1832, in a Protestant Rectory in County Donegal.

Dr. Jacks, his biographer and (which is very much to the purpose) the competent editor of "Hibbert's Journal," has found in his father-in-law "a subject made for his hand," and with a rare mixture of judgment and enthusiasm has discharged a pleasant duty. He plunges his readers at once into the cauldron from which emerged the spirit of the man he follows so lovingly from the cradle to the grave—a period of eighty years.

"A large and united family; four brothers and four sisters; some eager, others dreamy, all lovers of beauty; cultivated, high-bred and very poor; a home saturated with the spirit of evangelical piety; much reading of the Bible, and many religious exercises, the father a fervent minister of the Irish Church, with a turn for poetry; the mother, a gentle saintly soul; the table talk mainly of literature; and with all this, abundance of wild spirits, and a tendency both in young and old to look on the romantic side of life; such was the home from which the genius of Stopford Brooke received its earliest impulse. The conditions were present which made religion a habit, there was varied food for intelligence and imagination, and there was much to prompt the spirit of discovery." (Vol. I., 22.)

Can we not already see the road winding up the hills of Donegal?

Again, after describing two of his brothers—William, who became a lawyer and wanted to be a sailor, and Edward, who became a soldier and wanted to be a clergyman—the biographer writes:—

"Such were the relations of the three brothers. I mention them thus early, because it is necessary to understand from the outset that Stopford Brooke was a multiple personality, not merely in the sense that he combined the gifts of many men, but because the life of the family was essentially a part of himself." (Vol. I., 14.)

This family life endured long. The mother died aged ninety-one, when her son was seventy. They had, as he said, "grown old together." When William and Edward died, it was as if they were torn from their brother's heart, and yet each of them was over seventy years of age.

Brooke was all his life a whole-hearted Irishman. In 1908 he wrote:—

"You see I have left Ireland when I was drenched every day, but enjoyed myself, as I always do, in my own land, when all things and the temper of the world around me, are in harmony with me, a thing I rarely feel in England. There is precious little of the Englishman in me. Even the Home Rulers in England seem to me to be foreigners. They know nothing of the Irish nature and character, and make the most curious mistakes." (Vol. II., 544.)

This comes from the old man; but hearken to the boy, writing home from the school in Kidderminster, whither he has been banished to purify his accent:—

"These English—they understand nothing of Ireland. None of them cares for his home as much as an Irishman does."

And again, in 1849:—

"Oh! how my heart leaps at that word, the holidays. How often I picture the fireside; the boys drawing and playing chess, Nannie laughing, reading and warbling, Dots playing with Arthur, and baby's little silvery voice ringing through the room, and you, my own mammy, sitting looking at all with your sweet face, and darling daddy asseverating that he likes to hear the children making a noise, for it shows him that they love their home. How I long for the walks on the Pier, and for the mountain breezes of Killarney." (Vol. I., 30, 35.)

We must not linger, but allow ourselves to be carried along by the rushing torrent of life. Brooke returns home; reads Kingsley, meets Robertson of Brighton, falls many times in love, encounters Lewes's "Life of Goethe."

"What a man—an ideal realist. His life has done me good. I will throw off my ideal wanderings, my cloud-castles, my dreamings of possible good, and act more." (Vol. I., 67.)

He studies "In Memoriam" line by line, and ultimately takes his degree at Trinity College, Dublin, in 1856. Another book of a different character now crops up, and is so happily described that I must quote his first reference to it:—

"I have been talked nearly to death, and all the time I was endeavoring to read 'Burnet on the Thirty-Nine Articles,' so that the conversation and the reading mingling together, made my brain like a pot of porridge with a mighty Scotch lassie vigorously stirring." (Vol. I., 67.)

Was ever this polemical North Briton so ludicrously, yet accurately, described? But how came Brooke to be reading a Treatise on the Thirty-nine Articles? His biographer judiciously remarks:—

"Search as I may, among the records of these years, I can find no indication of any particular moment or crisis when Brooke formed *ad hoc* the decision to become a clergyman." (Vol. I., 59.)

Brooke himself often comes to the relief of his biographer, for he had the curious habit in later life, in both diaries and letters, of commenting at length upon the Brooke of the early days, and in his diary for 1899 there occurs the following entry:—

"Dublin, September 28th.—I saw Killiney, the Three Rock Mountain, the country where I played, and flirted, and ran races, and jumped, and made picnics when I was under twenty years of age. My own image fitted before me like a phantom, smiling and unaware. How little I foresaw, how little I cared whether I foresaw or not! The present was enough, as it always has been. It is not a bad thing to have no past and no future; but it does not make a serious career." (Vol. II., 516.)

Is the fair conclusion to be drawn from this that Brooke took the "Scotch lassie" and the Thirty-nine Articles all as part of the day's work, and made no bones about them. If so, he had many predecessors. But if a religiously-minded young man who has read, with feeling, both Wordsworth and Goethe is ready to sign almost anything that is put before him, even Articles reeking with Calvinism, he has only himself to blame for any subsequent fits of indigestion.

To do Brooke the barest justice, he seldom complained; he left the dead past to bury itself; yet, once at least, he did complain, and in the following language:—

"How many fine intellects, how many men who might have done original work in many paths have been buried in the grave of the Church of England! It is shocking to think of it. The many conventions tread them down. The strong escape the bonds and do what suits them well, and there are others whom the atmosphere exactly suits, and they do good work. But there are hundreds who, not being strong enough to resist the pressure, never develop as they ought, and, year by year, they rot and rot—and thereby hangs a tale." (Vol. I., 54.)

On June 7th, 1857, Brooke was ordained by the Bishop of London. Twenty-three years afterwards, being a little more than one-fourth of his life, he resigned his orders and left the Church of England for good and all.

The case of John Sterling, who only spent eight months of his short life of thirty-eight years in deacon's orders and never became a priest at all, reminds us how hard it is to get rid of the facts that you were once ready to sign the Thirty-nine Articles and to take Holy Orders and then afterwards changed your mind. Such an occurrence is sure to figure out of all proportion in your biography, if you are unlucky enough to have one. Had you prematurely given up riding to hounds, or withdrawn from the Athenæum Club, a careless biographer might have overlooked even so complete a change in your habits of life; but a "secession" is apparently a different matter.

Brooke had no turn for Nonconformity or Nonconformist services—they chilled his heart; and though his theology became Unitarian, he never became a Unitarian minister. He remained, without the Church of England, what he was in it: a Broad Church Christian. There are those who ask: Why did he leave? He would never have been turned out. Since he left the Church, her theology has widened, like a circle in the water—







From **ROBERT SCOTT'S** List.**TURKEY, GREECE, AND THE GREAT POWERS.** A Study in Friendship and Hate.

By G. F. ABBOTT. Map. 7s. 6d. net.

"Deserves careful and respectful study. . . . No honest student of contemporary affairs in the East can afford to ignore the book."—*The Nation*.**BY THE WATERS OF AFRICA.** British East Africa, Uganda, and the Great Lakes. By NORMA LORIMER. With Introduction by DOUGLAS SLADEN. Fully Illustrated. 10s. 6d. net."Miss Lorimer was able to see native life under conditions impossible to a less privileged traveller, and she misses no feature in it that is either humorous or enlightening. It is a model book of its kind, valuable and always pleasant to read."—*Punch*.**PEASANT TALES OF RUSSIA.**

By V. I. NEMIROVITCH-DANTCHENKO. Translated by CLAUD FIELD, M.A. Fully Illustrated. 3s. 6d. net.

"Nemirovitch-Dantchenko has a great reputation in his own country, and we have to thank Mr. Robert Scott for publishing a translation of some of his tales."—*Everyman*.**UNDER THE FRENCH FLAG.** A Britisher in the French Army. By M. MACDONALD. With Portrait of the Author. 3s. 6d. net."It is extremely well written, and gives a vivid account of a SOLDIER'S LIFE IN THE FRENCH ARMY."—*Truth*.**AN OLD GATE OF ENGLAND.** Rye, Romney Marsh, and the Western Cinque Ports.

By A. G. BRADLEY. With Map and many Illustrations. 6s. net.

**THE MODERNS.** Essays in Literary Criticism.

By JOHN FREEMAN. 6s. net.

"An uncommonly vivacious, tonic, and stimulating book."—*Outlook*.**KITTY CARSTAIRS.** A New Novel. By J. J. BELL. 6s."Mr. Bell's is, of course, a name to conjure with."—*Times Lit. Supplement*.**THE HIDDEN SUBMARINE.** By CLIVE HOLLAND. 6s."This absorbing story of a plot that failed."—*The Bookman*.**A SPY OF THE HUNS.**

By Sir GUILFORD MOLESWORTH, K.C.I.E. Illustrated. 2s. net.

Complete Catalogues sent post free on application.

London: ROBERT SCOTT, Publisher, Paternoster Row, E.C.4.

**ARROWSMITH'S NEW BOOKS****Q MONTALLONE AND AUNT TRINIDAD**

By Sir ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH. 6/-

This new volume by "Q" consists of a series of TALES OF THE SPANISH MAIN, each one told so vividly that the reader's interest will be gripped at once, and maintained to the very end.

**Q A HISTORY OF THE BRISTOL ROYAL INFIRMARY.** By G. MUNRO SMITH, M.D. Royal 8vo. 524 pages, 87 Illustrations. 12/6 net

This work is the outcome of long and patient research on the part of its author, and deals with the Bristol Royal Infirmary, which was founded in 1735.

**Q WAR POEMS.** By Miss BETHAM-EDWARDS. 1/- net

Some of these poems have already appeared in the "Westminster Gazette" and the "Sphere," but the poem entitled "An Alsatian Cassandra" is here published for the first time.

**Q OUR WOUNDED, and Other Poems.** By M. MAIL. 1/- net. Second Edition now ready**Q TO FREEDOM'S LOVER, and Other Pieces.** By WILLIAM HARRIS DOWDING. 1/- net; cloth, 2/- net. Selected after 60 years of verse making**Q THE POEMS OF ELLARD HUGHES.** Parchment cover, 2/- net**Q GRAVITATION.** By H. JAMYN BROOKS. 1/- net

The author claims to have discovered the Cause and Mechanism of Gravitation.

BRISTOL: J. W. ARROWSMITH LTD.  
LONDON: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL & CO. LTD.**For the BEST BOOKS**Of the Season see our  
**NEW CATALOGUE. NOW READY.**

Post free on application to

**A. & F. DENNY,** 147, Strand,  
London, W.C.2

MAKE YOUR CHRISTMAS PRESENT A BOOK

**LAMLEY & CO.,**

THE SOUTH KENSINGTON BOOK SHOP,

1, 3, and 5, EXHIBITION ROAD, SOUTH KENSINGTON, S.W.7

Invite inspection of their large and interesting Stock.

The resort of Students and Book-lovers for Forty Years.

Out-of-the-way Books, both Old and New.

Christmas Catalogue on application.

On SATURDAY next, December 15th, we remain open until 5.30. p.m.

**TREASURE TROVE**

Passages of Prose and Poetry.

Chosen by G. M. GIBSON.

2s. net; cloth, 3s. 6d. net.

Postage 3d.

Aims at illustrating the life of Man from childhood to age in passages from the literature of many centuries.

**DANIEL and the MACCABEES**

An Ancient Book for Modern Use.

By the Rev. EDWYN B. HOOPER, M.A.

With Foreword by Dr. E. L. Hicks (Lord Bishop of Lincoln).

2s. net; cloth, 3s. 6d. net.

Postage 3d.

In this book of Daniel we see the dawn of human hopes and the beginnings of the struggle for human freedom in its contest with Imperial tyrannies.

**The WIDE GARDEN**

And other Poems.

By HERBERT TREMAINE,

Author of "The Feet of the Young Men."

3s. net.

Postage 2d.

**The ICONOCLAST**

By HELEN HAMILTON.

1s. 3d. net; cloth, 2s. 6d. net.

Postage 3d.

The inimitably clever story of a woman's attempt at emancipation. Incidentally the stultifying effect of the schoolmistresses' profession upon the mind is disclosed.

**The PARLIAMENT of MAN**

2s. 6d. net; cloth, 4s. net.

Postage 5d.

H. G. Wells says: "I think 'The Parliament of Man' particularly bold and fine."

**New Tolstoy Editions****THE SLAVERY OF OUR TIMES.**

1s. 3d. net.

Postage 2d.

An indictment of the present order—or disorder—and a consideration of some proposed reforms and an appeal to individual action.

**IVAN THE FOOL.**

4d. net.

Postage 1d.

Represents a unique Conscientious Objector.

**THE TWO PILGRIMS.**

4d. net.

Postage 1d.

Religion of outward observance contrasted with the religion of mutual service.

**WHAT MEN LIVE BY.**

4d. net.

Postage 1d.

A parable relating the experience gained by an exiled angel during his banishment to earth.

**HOW MUCH LAND DOES A MAN NEED?**

5d. net.

Postage 1d.

The hero wants ever a little more and again more.

**THE OVERTHROW OF HELL AND ITS RESTORATION.**

3d. net.

Postage 1d.

A Satire on the Apostasy of Christendom.

Complete Lists on application.

London: C. W. DANIEL, Limited,  
Graham House, Tudor Street, E.C.4.**Don't Cash Your Victory Loan Dividend**

£2 10s. Dividend will double your holding of War Stock and produce £100 new money for the War.

Write for particulars to Prudential Assurance Co. Ltd., 142, Holborn Bars, E.C.1, or to any of its Agents

**Chelspa**The Cheltenham Natural  
Aperient Water—For Constipation  
Gout—Obesity—All Chemists & Stores

"Creeds change, rites pass,  
No altar standeth whole."

It is all, so some say, a matter of accent or emphasis. Pusey, Liddon, Gore-Stanley, Jowett, Rashdall; and so on it goes to the last syllable of recorded time. Readers of Mr. Brooke's life will answer the question as they choose; but we may be sure of this, that intellectual honesty and moral delicacy count for something, even in war-time.

Brooke's first book, published in 1865, was his *Life of Robertson of Brighton*; and there must still be living a goodly, though grey-headed, company of men and women to whom Stopford Brooke is still best-known as the biographer of Robertson. So fiercely does the date of our birth intensify our gaze, restrict our vision, and stereotype our point of view!

In the early 'sixties, in how many English homes, both "Church" and "Nonconformist" (for in those far-off days Christianity was widely-spread), did Robertson's sermons open windows to the morning sun! To cultivated and pious souls they had a great attraction, revealing, as they certainly did, a chivalrous character, and a spirit, high, noble, and tender. My mother and elder sisters were amongst his devotees; and though I was perhaps too young to be greatly influenced, and, indeed, have never been carried off my feet by sermons—save those of Dr. Donne, Bishop Butler, Martineau, and Newman—I nevertheless felt the influence all about me—potent and pervading. The biography of such a man, in 1865, was bound to be "a cardinal book" in many circles; and the task of preparing it was, with unusual luck, imposed on a young Irishman, who had never heard Robertson preach, and was then without place or authority in any school of thought in the Church. It was well done, and coarsely reviled in the "Record."

Dr. Jacks has traced carefully and critically Brooke's career (a hateful word—but not wholly out of place in this connection) as a popular preacher, first in St. James's Church, and afterwards in Bedford Chapel. In both places he was pre-eminently a Christian preacher.

Oratory, whether of the pulpit, the platform, or the Senate, is not good stuff for the biographer; but in this case, letters and diaries, copious and fluent, come to Dr. Jack's assistance and enable him to complete his portrait of this stirring man. At the age of twenty-five, Brooke made a happy and prosperous marriage, which endured from 1858 to 1874. So good a son, and devoted a brother, deserved to be happy in all the domestic relations, and so he was as husband, father, and grandfather; for though more essentially an artist than anything else, he belonged, as so many of the greatest artists have done, to the domesticated type. We indeed notice that his wife, even whilst on the honeymoon, complains, half humorously, half sadly, that if the choice lay between "me and the mountains," the latter won. But no good man, or husband, was ever really spoilt by a passion for the mountain and the flood:

"No! 'tis the gradual furnace of the world  
Which kills in us the bloom, the youth, the spring—  
This can avail—  
By drying up our joy in everything  
To make our former pleasures all seem stale."

Hearty enjoyment was a strong note "in the large composition" of this man. Easy circumstances make easy minds, and are probably always harmful to character, but they never sufficed to harden Mr. Brooke's warm Irish heart. He visited the poor, and dined with the rich; and of the former he records some very touching stories, whilst upon the conversation of the rich he preserves unbroken silence. In addition to his artistic side, which was obvious to all, he had his scientific side, which added interest and zest to his reading, and cultivated his powers of observation. His life was therefore full, and remained so to the end. As he was in his eighty-first year when he died in March, 1916, he had a long innings; and when we remember what gloom usually falls on the latter days of aged prophets, poets, and preachers, Stopford Brooke, though his correspondence in old age may reflect some moods of disillusionment, and even disgust—

"We have had enough of preaching, and enough of lectures we,  
Rolled from pulpit on to platform, on the public's heavy sea." (Vol. II., 446.)

may be said to have slipped easily away.

In the second volume of this biography the reader will

find many examples of Mr. Brooke's epistolary art; and his letters must always have been very delightful to receive, being full of affection, fun, nature, life, and books. As his criticisms of authors and their works throw sidelights upon the writer's own mentality and outlook, I give an example or two. His opinion of George Eliot is as follows:—

"George Eliot at root was a Philistine. She was an artist *by the way*, and never a real one. She had great humor, sympathy, keen observation, and a fine intellect, and, over and above, she could put what she felt, observed, and thought into form; but the predominance of intellect in her, or, shall I say, the predominance she chose—most foolishly—to give it, spoilt her formative power, and again and again made her commonplace. Above all, it gave that tone to her work which, more and more, increased upon her—of teaching rather than feeling, of first thinking and then feeling a matter out, and of a consequent tentativeness in all she did, which is wholly apart from the work of a true artist. And I think she felt this herself. She ought to have followed her heart alone. Then she might have been truly great in art." (Vol. II., 395.)

An Irishman's feelings towards Matthew Arnold:—

"As to Arnold, of course, I admire, and have always admired him, but he does not suit me. I prefer another type of man. He is very English, the best kind of Englishman, and I contemplate the best Englishman from a distance just as I contemplate the best kind of Roman, but I don't care for either Arnold or Cincinnatus. They are admirable, and I praise them, but I should not care to live with them; indeed, they would bore me to death. Let me admire them at a distance." (Vol. II., 402.)

Again:—

"There is a morbid squeak about Mrs. Browning's poetry which I abhor. Now and then, it is true, she is almost great." (Vol. II., 504.)

Here he is running amok against prigs, philosophers, and female pedants:—

"We shall soon, if these Philosophers win the day, have a nation of Grand Duffs, and Mrs. Grotes, married in and out with Congreves and Mrs. Peter Taylors; and then Humanity, having reached its acme, will subside into the nothingness from which it came, and a good riddance it will be, I say!" (Vol. II., 425.)

In private conversation, Brooke was almost a fierce politician, and a hearty hater. I had forgotten for so long all about Mr. Ayrton, who was once upon a time Chief Commissioner of Works, that it was refreshing to be reminded of him thus:—

"So Ayrton is out. Hurrah! I do hate and abhor a man like Ayrton with every drop of blood in my body." (Vol. II., 218.)

This poor fellow was only an Economist; but to an Irishman an economical Englishman is abhorrent. Mr. Brooke was an admirer of Parnell, and would have stuck to him through thick and thin. Radicals and Nonconformists were not always congenial to his varying moods, and the Tory occasionally cropped up. I will conclude with a parody of Brooke's on one of Wordsworth's most famous sonnets, which one can enjoy without *lèse majesté*:—

"Bob Lowe is too much with us, late and soon,  
Getting a surplus, we lay waste our powers.  
Few seats we see in England that are ours.  
We are given the Income Tax—a sordid boon!  
Young Radicals, like dogs that bay the moon—  
Non-cons—that will be howling at all hours.  
With this, with everything, I am out of tune.  
They move me not. Great Heaven! I'd rather be  
A Tory suckled in a creed outworn,  
So might I, standing in St. Stephen's see  
Some chances that might make me less forlorn.  
Have sight of Office coming fast to me,  
Or welcome sinecure, with plenteous horn." (Vol. I., 272.)

AUGUSTINE BIRRELL.

## POETRY AND ITS PROBLEMS.

"A New Study of English Poetry." By HENRY NEWBOLT.  
(Coastable. 10s. 6d. net.)

As the only really new theory of poetry of late years has been invented by M. Marinetti, Sir Henry Newbolt has been wise to approach the Muse, not as a Regent approaches her Royal Infant, but as a caller rings at the bell of a mature, reputable, and highly-distinguished Dame who is able to give a very good account of herself. In a lengthy book, dealing specifically with Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, and



## A special Xmas Gift Offering for "Him"



Just a  
pellet  
in the  
barrel  
and fill  
up with  
water

**I**N your Xmas parcel send  
"him" that useful and compact  
little gift, the service-giving  
W.H.S. Self-filling Fountain Pen.

For more than six years it has grown in  
public favour. Over a million in use to-  
day—each one proving its ability to go  
100 per cent. better than its guarantee of  
two years' delightful pen-service.

To render the W.H.S. Self-filling Pen  
still more useful, W. H. Smith & Son  
have introduced a new ink pellet which  
instantly dissolves in water. This means  
a ready supply of ink wherever he is.

The W.H.S. Ink Pellets, per tube, 6d.

**Of your Stationer.**

If any difficulty, write direct to W. H. Smith &  
Son, Manufacturing Stationers, Kean Street,  
Kingsway, W.C.2, London.



**THE W.H.S. PEN**  
Model No. 2

# Bournville Cocoa

"Of special  
importance to  
workers dur-  
ing these  
strenuous  
times."

*The Lancet,*  
Dec. 16th, 1916.

MADE BY CADBURY



## "My life's best blend"

Says Mr. J. Millhoff, originator of  
the famous "De Reszke" Cigarettes:

"I have produced a blend of Ameri-  
can tobaccos that will, I believe,  
become even more famous than the  
'De Reszke' Turkish. It is a better  
Virginia blend than any other  
within my experience. It has  
superb flavour and bouquet—a char-  
acter that cannot fail to satisfy. It  
is positively harmless to the throat.  
Any tobacco broker will tell you  
that I buy only the most expensive  
leaf for the 'De Reszke' American.  
My 40 years' reputation is at stake  
in recommending this, my life's  
best blend."

(Signed) J. MILLHOFF

## Outstanding Quality alone creates the murmur of applause

The following are a few\* of the opinions in regard  
to "De Reszke" American cigarettes, which we  
have recently received from smokers whose words  
carry weight. Good words from such men cannot  
be bought or sold. They must be won on the field  
of merit, where outstanding quality alone creates the  
murmur of applause:—

**Harold Begbie, Esq.,**  
writes:—

"I should like to pay you  
the compliment of my hum-  
ble praise for your 'De  
Reszke' American Cigar-  
ettes."

**Frederick Ranalow, Esq.,**  
(of Royal Opera, Drury  
Lane), writes:—

"The 'De Reszke'  
American Cigarettes are  
delicious, their only draw-  
back being that one wants  
to smoke too many of  
them!"

**Matheson Lang, Esq.,**  
writes:—

"I find the 'De  
Reszke' Americans quite  
excellent. They have a  
delightful flavour and—  
what is a great thing to me  
—they are harmless to the  
throat."

**Sir Arthur Pinero** writes:—

"I am inclined to think  
that the 'De Reszke'  
American Cigarette is the  
best Virginia cigarette I  
have ever smoked. Please  
let me have one thousand."

**Miss Madge Titheradge**  
writes:—

"I consider the 'De  
Reszke' American Cigar-  
ettes delicious and the  
nicest Virginia that has  
come my way."

**Robert Blatchford, Esq.,**  
writes:—

"I have tried the 'De  
Reszke' American Cigar-  
ettes, and am of opinion  
that there are no better  
and, as the veteran cric-  
keter said of Barnes's bowl-  
ing, 'there couldn't be  
any.'"

\* And numerous other opinions may be seen in other  
"De Reszke" advertisements.

## "De Reszke" AMERICAN CIGARETTES

20  
for  
1/5

10 for 8½d., 50 for 3/6  
100 for 6/10  
SOLD EVERYWHERE

25  
for  
1/9

Or post free from  
J. Millhoff & Co., Ltd.,  
86, Piccadilly, London, W. 1.

the balladists, generally with poetry and its relations to politics, education, rhythm, form, personality, and the reader, he draws up some useful generalizations, suggests rather than formulates certain criteria about the functions, aims, and process of poetry, without pinning a thesis with ninety-and-nine clauses to it, or bothering himself about an orthodox rubric, or a dissenting proclamation. That is the right way to work, not only because of the scope it affords for fertile observation, variety, and illustration in the treatment of the theme, but because poetry is, finally, not the spoil of controversialists at all. Being, as Wordsworth defined it, "the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge," deriving from certain inner and universal laws, which are not dogmas to be defended or disobeyed, and so ultimately, are independent of individual formula, belonging to neither the Popes nor the Marinettis.

It is curious, therefore, that Sir Henry, in a study well written but a trifle stiff, and with all his strategy and proportions correctly adjusted, should be inclined sometimes to swing himself outside his own orbit. Not that he is too theoretic. The theories and principles of poetry ought to be continually and eagerly discussed, not in order to make new truths about them, but to reveal those already there, in fresh, adaptable, and illuminating ways. But let us, by pursuing Sir Henry's persuasive reasoning, try to comprehend why certain pirouettings and twirlings upon the toe, occurring in a usually direct and sober pilgrimage, are apt to disconcert us. He is particularly anxious to quell the heresy—a heresy to which the English contempt for ideas is always committing them—that poetry is only a more decorative speech. Poetry, on the contrary, he says, is a complex intuition, "expressed by one single act of the spirit." It is only concerned with incomplete and formless life by its ability to seize an impression from it, subject it to an inward alchemical process, and then "externalize" it in rhythmic shape. So far from being an embroidery, poetry, he says finely and justly, reconciles the conflicts and confusions of life by interpreting the universal longing for a perfect world. Not, that is to say, by an escape from life, but by presenting the contrast between the permanent elements of life and its illusory and transitory ones. But then he goes on like this:—

"It (the 'real' world) is built on other foundations altogether, on calculation, on legality, on efficiency; it is a world where Peace Conferences propose to eliminate the honor of nations and juries to assess the value of love in cash: when one popular author will write books to tell you that feeling is only useful as a means to thinking, and another will write plays to persuade you that poverty is a crime and love an untruth to nature, and romance the source of both these evils."

Poetry, then, is not to revalue the "real" world, but to restore it from the degradations of Peace Conferences and the prosaic and materializing Mr. Bernard Shaw. The point is not so minute as it appears. Sir Henry lays dangerous stress upon the personality of the poet as the final determinant of poetry. It is a doctrine become prominent in modern times, and is, of course, a valuable affirmation of the individual poetic right as opposed to obedience to any exterior pedagogic standard of poetic values. But, unduly stressed, it tends to subject poetry to a riot of capricious forms arbitrarily imposed upon its substance, rather than to allow poetry to approach pure Form (its true mission) through a variety of discarded forms.

On the other hand, it serves Sir Henry very well in his chapter on rhythm. The poetic language, as he remarks in some very judicious paragraphs, works upon metre, rather than metre upon language. Metric laws were made for the poet, not the poet for them; and they exist, we may add, as an instrument for the poet to achieve his desired end by the easiest and most economical way, by the line or channel, that is to say, of least resistance. Variety of syllables makes for true freedom and innovation rather than abolition of rhyme, and, as Sir Henry acutely points out, the real struggle in English verse is not between the principle of rhyme and no rhyme, but stress and syllable. Coleridge's experiment of regular stresses and irregular lines in "Christabel" was actually a revolution; and we may say that the poet-laureate who has improved upon this tentative advance to a degree of such harmony and flexibility has done infinitely more to reclothe English poetry than all the purely technical preoccupations of the free-versifiers.

We regret that we have no space to discuss Sir Henry's charming and penetrative lectures on Chaucer and Shakespeare. He has some good things to say about the old ballads, especially a summary of their magical effect of turning the extremely natural into the extremely strange—a phrase of sharper and ampler meaning than Pater's too vague definition of romance. But his insistence upon the "intuitive activity" in poetry as opposed to the "intellectual or scientific activity" of prose leads him to interpret the most purely dramatic and impersonal poetry in the world personally. Surely that is to destroy half their significance. The voice of the ballad is a communal voice, the intense, terse, and poignant articulation of the people realized and made perfect. Are we to be shorn of this gratification, of seeming to hear in the passionate accents, not of one, but of the many, a vibration of the thunder of creation itself? Is our tragic pleasure in reading "is there any room at your feet, Saunders?" intensified by understanding the author to be some medieval Browning or Wordsworth? Ultimately, the process of all art is to remove the impediments and coverings which prevent (as an art critic of to-day puts it) the identity between form and substance, and to that elimination, to that impersonal result, personality as well as all the other factors that go to make a work of art must contribute. A too great dependence, again, upon the personal intuition of the poet is apt to encourage the fallacy of the personal estimate of the poet—a fallacy which Arnold was quick to seize. And, perhaps, Sir Henry's own words rather show it: "If life is to be no longer full of tragic situations, if the life of nations is to be no longer akin to the fighting life of our ancestors, then perhaps we can afford . . . to put away the ballads as childish things." A curious, a perverted standard of judging beauty, if the circumstances and conditions of our lives are to correspond with those of the poetry which realizes it.

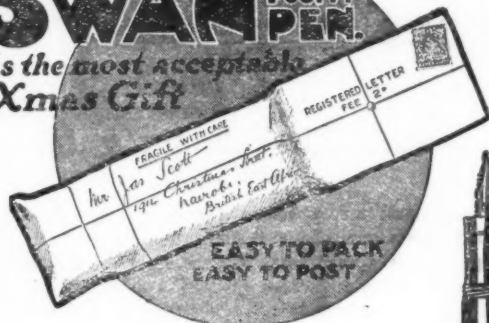
By throwing poetry back, then, into the intuitive perception, by making "the rarity, difficulty, and complexity" of the intuition itself a poetic valuation (which puts leagues of our acknowledged English poetic territory out of bounds), by what he calls "dethroning the graven image of Style," which is simply another word for the beautiful and appropriate bodying of the poetic intuition, Sir Henry leaves half the problems unsolved. He is on firmer ground and less of the partisan when he treats of the relation of morality to poetry. Here personality has its best chance, and there is a great deal to be said for one criterion of poetry as the contact of the finest and most passionately sincere minds exalting the community to a redemption of life—poetry, which, as Sir Henry puts it, is "the desire for life renewed." Poetry, from this point of view, can be not only a moral preceptor in the broadest sense; it can and should transform the whole structure and attitude of the moral sense. There, at any rate, can be applied the magniloquent, but none the less magnificent, saying of Shelley's about the "unacknowledged legislators."

#### MOTHERHOOD AND MARRIAGE.

"Motherhood and the Relationship of the Sexes." By C. GASQUOINE HARTLEY. (Nash. 7s. 6d. net.)

If Mrs. Hartley's book excites in us a feeling of hopefulness in regard to the problems she attacks, it is not so much by the prospect of a golden age of enlightened legislation to dawn in the Period of Reconstruction, as by a comparison of her attitude with that of the past. She has much of the insight of the maker of maxims in recognizing the facts which the courageous and intelligent of all ages have faced; she has some of the enthusiasm of the times of Mary Woolstonecraft, tempered by more wisdom; and some of the judicial Liberalism of Mill, tempered by more knowledge. She represents, in fact, the best Liberal opinion of our time—a Liberalism in some ways still chaotic, having to deal with more points of investigation and more departments of knowledge than it can yet digest. Mrs. Hartley's book, and this is its chief fault, reflects this chaos. She attempts to cover too much ground. She writes of the fitness of women for industry, with especial reference, of course, to war and after-war conditions; she deals with reform of divorce law, with venereal disease, with the sexual education of children, with illegitimacy. She has a section of little relevance on the maternal instinct in the making, considering the

THE  
**SWAN** FOUNTAIN PEN  
is the most acceptable  
Xmas Gift



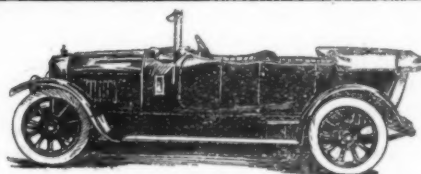
### The Christmas Gift for your Soldier.

Send him a "Swan" Pen. No other Gift is easier to send or surer of welcome—it will be taken into immediate use and its first letter will be one of appreciation of your thoughtful choice. The "Swan" is the most reliable and durable of all fountain pens—it is a writing instrument pure and simple, free from complications and weakness. Every "Swan" is guaranteed.

**At pre-war prices from 10/6.**  
OF ALL STATIONERS & JEWELLERS

*Illustrated Catalogue post free on request.*

MABIE, TODD & Co., Ltd. 79 & 80, High Holborn,  
London, W.C. 1; 38, Cheapside, E.C. 2; 204 & 95a, Regent  
St., W. 1. London; 3, Exchange St., Manchester; Paris,  
Zurich, Sydney, Toronto, &c. London Factory—319-329,  
Weston Street, S.E. 1.



*Crossley*  
*Cars*  
**QUALITY**

QUALITY has always been the predominant note in every Crossley product. The gigantic Gas Engine business of Crossley's has been built up on 60 year's reputation for quality, and the After-the-War Crossley Motor Car will be popular throughout motoring circles all over the world, and universally accepted as "The Quality Car."

To-day, Crossley's are planning for After-the-War business. Their present immense factories are daily being enlarged, for they have faith in their belief that the quality which has always been built into the Crossley Cars of the past, and which will be built into the Crossley Cars of the future, will ensure a demand that will utilize the whole resources of their enlarged manufacturing facilities.

It will be worth your while to wait for the new "Crossley."

The sign of



the Quality Car

### CROSSLEY MOTORS LIMITED

Telegram: Builders of Quality Cars Telephone:  
"MOTORS MANCHESTER City 4611  
GORTON" (3 lines)

London Office and Service Depot:  
50, PAGE ST., WESTMINSTER, S.W. 1

## "BEHIND OUR LINES"

AT

## GAZA AND BEERSHEBA

LARGE AREAS NEED RELIEF

"NO DOCTORS

NO DRUGS

NO HOSPITALS"

(Cable from Bishop McInnes)

**£100,000 WANTED TO-DAY**

**PLEASE HELP QUICKLY**

Relief is given to all in need

—Christian, Jew or Moslem.

**SYRIA & PALESTINE RELIEF FUND**

110, VICTORIA ST., LONDON, S.W. 1.



Chairman:

Rt. Hon. LORD GEORGE HAMILTON,  
P.C., Q.C.S.I.

Total Funds Exceed

**£17,000,000**

Claims Paid Exceed

**£98,000,000**

**FIRE • LIFE • MARINE**  
**ACCIDENT • BURGLARY**

Annuities Granted on Favourable Terms.

General Manager - Sir GERALD H. RYAN.



domestic activities of reptiles, fishes, birds, and animals. She assumes the biological attitude, the sociological attitude, the statistical attitude, the hygienic, the educational. She has material for half-a-dozen books—and we hope that these books will be written.

Mrs. Hartley has the spirit of the emancipator in that she considers the future from the point of view of her own sex; she sees the question, however, not as that of the future position of women, but as that of the future relation of the sexes. She looks upon the suffrage movement, accordingly—or, at least, upon the militant movement—with detached sympathy, but without approval. "Women, however unconsciously, were suppressing themselves in new ways, and still doing things alien to themselves. . . . All that women had promised themselves in a new order of existence must depend on their acceptance of the responsibilities and limitations of their womanhood." And while the coming of the war "pushed women into obscurity," it still further distracted women from their natural channels of development by opening a multitude of careers which give economic independence, but which are in many cases physically injurious, and perhaps in most cases harmful to their emotional lives. For we are not to forget that the economic necessity, or the lack of domestic preoccupations, which will continue to throw great numbers of women into employments formerly reserved for males, is an anomaly, and will always be so.

The liberation which Mrs. Hartley looks for is not to be found in encroachment upon masculine activities, but in freer developments of essentially feminine characteristics. We must recognize that the differences of sex go deeper than we can reach:—

"There is no use in saying that there is no difference between the girl and the boy when human nature keeps asserting that there is. There is even, as I have been forced into accepting, a natural tendency between boys and girls to draw away from each other. You may see this separation in every co-education school where the children, led by deeper instincts than we have understood, bring our wisdom to foolishness. They unconsciously feel that separation which we have been trying to, pretend does not exist."

The great error in education of girls she finds in the censorship of all reference to their sexual nature, which in consequence is either atrophied or perverted. (Yet Mrs. Hartley admits, and the shrewd admission does credit to her honesty of mind, that "it is a curious fact that women who are 'cold,' are sought as wives with greater frequency than are more passionate women.") While the development required is primarily aimed at marriage, yet Mrs. Hartley is much concerned with the lives of those, women as well as men, who are unsuited to the normal type of union. The consideration of these exceptions is perhaps the most important part of the book. As the home is a necessary "protective environment" for the child, so monogamous marriage, with children, is the normal life for men and women.

But what is necessary in love is responsibility, and Mrs. Hartley would extend this responsibility to extra-matrimonial unions. For the most degrading thing is a union which is purely self-gratification, which bears no responsibility, has no social recognition, and is not openly confessed. She therefore proposes, besides greater facility for divorce, the admission of "honorable partnerships outside of marriage, not necessarily permanent, with proper provision for the future, guarding the woman." These contracts are both for those unhappily mated, who find divorce undesirable, and for those temperamentally unsuited to marriage—a proposal which carries us very far indeed. Mrs. Hartley recognises two extreme types of woman, the maternal and the "siren":—

"Until it is openly recognized that women are not alike in their sexual natures any more than they are alike in their outward appearance, that they cannot all be classed together as the mother-sex, this evil cannot be changed. . . . (The siren) is quite unsuited for monogamous marriage. . . . Such a woman, as, of course, also the man, is always unsuited for the selfless sacrifices of parenthood."

Mrs. Hartley is wise in not attributing all the evils resulting from our attitude toward sex to the influence of Puritanism or the Victorian Age. "It cannot be overlooked that this fear of sex is of very ancient origin, which makes it the more difficult to eradicate. The beginnings of

the marriage system can be traced back to a primitive conception of danger attaching to the marriage act." Courage, but also much caution, is needed for the revision of our views of sex. And there is another book to be written, but from the man's point of view; and the writing of this book would probably demand more courage still.

## The Week in the City.

CITY men have had a bewildering week. The Lansdowne letter, if less pessimistic on the military side than Mr. Lloyd George's Paris speech, was a decided call for diplomatic action with a view to hastening peace by adjusting our objectives to the new circumstances. The suggestions made in the Northcliffe papers that Lord Lansdowne was influenced by the danger of Bolshevism and confiscation in this country, if the war continues indefinitely, will not tend to discredit him in the City, and I am inclined to believe that the weight of opinion will gradually range itself on his side. Moreover, it is obvious that President Wilson's message contains a response to his appeal, and the passage in which the President repudiates all schemes for the dismemberment of Austria, will not be unpopular. There was never much feeling against Austria in business circles. Although up to Thursday military news was not particularly encouraging, there is a feeling that these pronouncements will clear the air, and that the collapse of the military system in Russia may be followed by democratic developments in Germany and Austria. At any rate, though there has been little business and markets have been lifeless, quotations have not sunk very much. Home Railway stocks have not recovered from their depression as a result of the compromise which averted the strike by increasing the railwaymen's wages. The revenue returns are again unsatisfactory. Another 23 millions had to be borrowed temporarily by the Government last week, the sale of War Bonds having only yielded 12 millions. On Wednesday afternoon Petrograd Exchange was round about 375 roubles to the £10 note, and the Italian exchange rose sharply from 38 to nearly 39 lire to the £1 note. This may compare with the Swiss Exchange of 20½ francs to the £1 note. Before the war, of course, both francs and lire went about 25 francs to the sovereign.

### A BANKING AMALGAMATION.

In confirmation of rumors which had been current for some days, it was announced on Wednesday that a provisional agreement had been entered into between the directors of the London and South Western and London and Provincial Banks for an amalgamation of the two institutions as from the 31st of this month, under the title of London Provincial and South Western Bank, Ltd. The amalgamated bank will have a subscribed capital of £4,250,000, of which £2,125,000 will be paid up in 425,000 shares of £10 each, with £5 paid. The shareholders of the London and South Western will be allotted 225,000 £10 shares, £5 paid, in the proportion of three of such shares for every four £10 shares, £4 paid, now held. The shareholders of the London and Provincial will continue to hold their shares as hitherto. The London and Provincial has paid a dividend of 19 per cent. for the past four years, while the South Western has paid 17 per cent., so the shareholders of the latter will have a small increase of dividend, while the uncalled liability on their shares will be reduced. The joint board will consist of six directors of each bank and Sir Herbert Hambling will be general manager for the first two years. The total deposits of the new bank will be about seventy millions, thus placing it sixth in the list of great London clearing banks; it has great possibilities before it, covering as it does both London and the Provinces, including the business centres of South Wales with a great network of branches. The amalgamation is subject to the approval of shareholders and, of course, to the sanction of the Treasury; but the latter is not likely to be withheld, no actual issue of new capital being involved.

LUCIUM.

